

# THE SHOOMAKERS

Holy-day. ^

OR

*The Gentle Craft.*

With the humorous life of *Simon  
Eyre*, shoemaker, and Lord Mayor  
of *London*.

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent Ma-  
iestie on New-yeares day at night last, by the right  
honourable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Ad-  
mirall of England, his seruants.



AT LONDON

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1610.

Class of 1900



To all good Fellowes, Professors of  
*the Gentle Craft : of what degree*  
soever.

**I**nde Gentlemen, and honest boone Companions, I present you here with a merry conceited Comedie, called, *The Shoemakers holoday*, acted by my Lord Admirals Players on a Christmasse time, before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highnesse graciously accepted; being indeed no way offensiue. The Argument of the play I will set downe in this Epistle: Sir *Hugh Lacie* Earle of *Lincolne*, had a yong Gentleman of his owne name, his neere kinsman, that loued the Lord Maiors daughtre of London; to preuent and crosse which loue, the Earle caused his kinsman to be sent Coronell of a company into France: who resigned his place to another Gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the house of *Simon Eyre* in Tower streete, who serued the Mayor and his household with shoes. The merriments that passed in *Eyres* houle, his coming to bee Mayor of London, *Lacies* getting his loue, and other accidents; with two merry Thre-mens songs, Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengthneth long life, which, with all other blessings I heartily wish you.



*The first Three-mans  
Song.*

O the month of May, the merry month of May,  
So frolicke so gay, and so gréene, so gréene, so gréene:  
And then did I, vnto my true loue say,  
Swéte Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Quéene.

**N**ow the Nightingale, the pittie Nightingale,  
The swétest singer in all the Forrests quier:  
Intreates thæ swéte Peggie, to heare thy true lous tale,  
Loe, ponder she sitteth, her bꝛeast against a byper.

But O I spie the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,  
Sæ where she sitteth, come away my toy:  
Come away I prithæ, I do not like the Cuckoo  
Should sing where my Peggie and I kisse and toy.

O the month of May, the merry month of May,  
So frolicke, so gay, and so gréene, so gréene, so gréene:  
And then did I, vnto my true loue say,  
Swéte Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Quéene.







## The second Three-mans Song.

*This is to be sung at the latter end.*

**C**old's the wind, and wet's the raine,  
Saint Hugh be our good speede :  
All is the weather that bringeth no gaine,  
For helpes good hearts in neede.

Trowle the boll, the lolly Ant-browne boll,  
And here kind mate to thee :  
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hughes Soule,  
And downe it merrily.

Downe a downe, hey downe a downe.  
Hey dery, dery, down a down, Close with the tenor boy:  
Hoe well done, to me let come,  
King compasse gentle toy.

Trowle the bowle, the Ant-browne bowle,  
And here kind, &c. as often as there be men to drinke.

*At last when all have drunke, this verse.*

**C**old's the winds, and wet's the raine.  
Saint Hugh be our good speed :  
All is the weather that bringeth no gainr,  
For helpes good hearts in need.





## The Prologue as it was pronoun- ced before the Queenes Maiestie.

**A**s twitches in a storme (expecting day)  
With trembling hands and eyes cast vp to heauen,  
Take Prayers the anchor of their conquerd hopes  
So we (deere Goddesse) wonder of all eyes,  
Your meanest vassals (through mistrust and feare,  
To Ancke into the bottome of disgrace,  
By our imperfect pastimes) prostrate thus  
On bended knees, our sailes of hope doe strike,  
Dreading the bitter stormes of your dislike.  
Since then (unhappy men) our day is such,  
That to our selues our selues no helpe can bring,  
But needs must perish, if your saint-like eares  
(Locking the temple where all mercy sits)  
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.  
Oh grant (bright mirrour of true Chastitie)  
From those life-breathing Barres your sun-like eyes,  
One gracious smile: for your celestiall breath  
Shall send vs life, or sentence vs to death.





# A pleasant Come- die of the Gentle Craft,

Enter Lord Maior, Lincolne.

Lincolne,  
**M**y Lord Maior, you haue sundye times  
Feasted my selfe, and many Courtiers more,  
Seldome, or neuer can we be so kind,  
To make requitall of your curtesie:

But leauing this, I heare my cosen Lacie  
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Maior. True my good Lord, and she loues him so wel,  
That I mislike her boldnesse in the chase,

Lin. Why my lord Maior, thinke you it then a shame,  
To ioyne a Lady with an Dileys name:

L. Maior. Too mean is my poore girle for his high birth  
Poore Citizens must not with Courtiers wed,  
Who will in silkes, and gay apparrell spend  
More in one yeare, then I am worth by farre,  
Therefore your honour need not doubt my girle,

Lincolne. Take heed my Lord, aduise you what you doe,  
A better birth is not in the world,  
Then is my cosen, so; ile tel you what,

B

His

Apleasant comedy of

His now almost a yere since he requested  
 To trauell countries for experience,  
 I furnished him with coppe, bills of exchange,  
 Letters of credit men to wait on him,  
 Solicited my friends in Itallie  
 To tell to respect him: but to see the end:  
 Scant had he trauiell'd through half Germany,  
 But all his coppe was spent, his men cast off,  
 His bills imbezeld, and my lolly coze,  
 Ah m'd to shew his bankrupt presence here,  
 Became a Schoomaker in Wittenberg,  
 A goodly science for a gentleman  
 Of such descent: now iudge the rest by this.  
 Suppose your daughter haue a thousand pound,  
 He did consume me more in one halfe yere,  
 And make him begge to all the welth you haue,  
 One tweluemonth's rpyting will wast it all,  
 Then seeke (my Lord) some honest Citizen  
 To wed your daughter to.

L Maior. I thanke your Lordship,  
 Well fore I vnderstand your subtilty,  
 As for your Nephew let your Lordships eye  
 But watch his actions, and you need not feare,  
 For I haue sent my daughter farre enough,  
 And yet your cosen Rowland might doe well  
 Now he hath learn'd an occupation,  
 And yet I scorne to call him some in law.

Lincolne. I but I haue a better trade for him,  
 I thanke his grace he hath appoynted him,  
 Chiefe colonell of all those companies  
 Musterd in London, and the shires about,  
 To serue his highnesse in those warres of France:  
 So where he comes: Louell what newes with you?

Enter

the Gentle Craft.

*Enter Louell, Lacie and Askew.*

Louell. By Lord of Lincolne, tis his biggnesse will,  
That presently your cosen shippe for France  
With all his powers, he would not for a million,  
But they should land at Dêpe twithin foure dayes.

Linc. So certifie his grace it shall be done:  
Now cosen Lacie in what forwardnesse  
Are all your companies?

Lacie. All well prepar'd,  
The men of Hartfordshire lie at mile end,  
Suffolke and Essex, traue in Tuttle fieldes.  
The Londoners and those of Middlesex,  
All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,  
With frolike spirits long for their parting bowler.

L. Ma. They haue their imprest, coates, and furniture,  
And if it please your cosen Lacie come  
To the Gullio Hall, he shall receaue his pay,  
And twenty pounds besides my brethren  
Will freely giue him, to appoyne our lones  
We beare vnto my Lord your vncle here.

Lacie. I thanke your honour.

Lincolne. Thankes my good Lord Mayor.

L. Ma. At the Gullio Hal we will expect your coming, &c.

Lincolne. To appoyne your lones to me? no subtilty  
Nephew: that twenty pound the doth bestow,  
For to rid you from his daughter Rose:  
But cosens both, now here are none but friends,  
I would not haue you cast an amorous eye  
Vpon so meane a proiect, as the lous  
Of a gay wanted patison Citizen,  
I know this chynle, even in the height of scoone,  
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine,  
I pray the do thou so remember coze,

Apleasant comedy of

That honourable fortunes waite on thee,  
I increase the kings love which so brightly shines,  
And gilds thy hopes, I haue no heire but thee:  
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,  
Thou start from the true bias of my loue.

Lacy. My Lord, I will (for honoꝝ not desire,  
Of land or liuings) or to be your helpe)  
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,  
As shall adde gloꝝ to the Lacies name.

Lincoln. Coze, for those wordes heres thirty Portingues  
And Pephew Askew, theres a few for you,  
Faire honour in her loftiest eminence  
States in France for you till you fetch her thence,  
Then Pephewes, clap swift wings on your disignes,  
Be gone, be gone, make hast to the Guild hall,  
There presently Ile meete you, do not stay,  
Where honour becomes shame attends delay. Exit.

Aske. How gladly would your vncle haue you gone?

Lacie. True coze, but Ile oꝛe-reach his policies,  
I haue some serious businesse for thre daies,  
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,  
You therfore cosen with the companies  
Shall hast to Douer, there Ile meete with you,  
Or if I stay past my prestred time,  
Away for France, wile meete in Normandy,  
The twenty pounds my Lord Maloꝝ giues to me  
You shall receiue, and these ten portingues,  
Part of mine vncles thirty, gentle coze,  
Hane care to our great charge, I know your wisdom  
Hath tride it selfe in bigger consequence.

Askew. Coze, al my selfe am yours, yet hane this care,  
To lodge in London with al secrecy,  
Our vncle Lincolne hath (besides his owne)

Many

the Gentle Craft.

Many a jealous ie, that in your face  
Stares onely to watch means for your disgrace.

Lacy. Stay cosen, who he these

Enter Sy. Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firke, Jane, & Rafe with a peece.

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining, away with this  
whimpering, this petuling, these blabbing teares, and these  
wet eies, Ile get thy husband discharged, I warrant this  
sweet Jane: go to.

Hodge. Master, here be the captaines.

Eyre. Peace Hodge, buyst ye knowe, buyst

Firke. Here be the cavaliers, add the cozencels, maister.

Eyre. Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, stand ty with  
your pishery pasturie, away, I am a man of the best pre-  
sence, Ile speake to them and they were Popes, gentlemen,  
captaines, colonels, commanders: brave men, brave lea-  
ders, may it please you to giue me audience, I am Simon  
Eyre, the mad shoemaker of Towerstreet, this twenety with  
the meale month that will neuer tire, is my wife I can tell  
you, heres Hodge my man, & my sojeman, heres Firke my  
fine striking journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane, al we  
come to be sisters for this honest Rafe keepe him at home, &  
as I am a true shoemaker, and a gentleman of the Gentle  
Craft, buy spurs your selfe, and Ile find ye boots these seven  
yeres.

Wife. Seven peares husband?

Eyre. Peace Whoriffe, peace, I know what I do, peace.

Firke. Truly master cozmozmnt, you shal do God good ser-  
vice to let Rafe & his wife stay together, thers a pong new  
married woman, if you take her husband away from her a  
night, you vndo her, she may beg in the day time, for thers as  
good a workman at a prick & an awle, as any is in our trade.

Jane. Let him stay, else I shall be vndone.

Firke. Truly, he shal be laid at oue side like a paire of old  
shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

A pleasant Comédy of

Lacie. Truly my friends, it lies not in my power,  
The Londoners are prest, paid, and set forth  
By the Lord Maior, I cannot change a man.

Hoge. Why then you were as good be a corporall, as a  
colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell  
you true, I thinke you doe more then you can answer, to  
presse a man within a yeare and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said melancholy Hodge, gramercy my fine  
fozeman.

Wife. Truly gentlemen, it were ill done, for such as you,  
to stand so stiffely against a poore yong wiffe: considering her  
case, she is new married, but let that passe: I pray deale not  
roughly with her, her husband is a yong man & but newly  
entred, but let that passe.

Eyre. Away with your pishery pashery, your pols and  
your subols, peace Widdow, silence Citty Bumrinchet, let  
your head speake.

Firke. Ya and the hoznes too, master.

Eyre. To some, my fine Firke, to some: peace scoundzels,  
see you this man: Captaines, you will not release him, well  
let him goe, he's a proper hot, let him vanishe, peace Jane,  
die by thy teares, theile make his powder darkish, take  
him byane men, Hector of Troy was an hackney to him,  
Hercules and Termagant scoundzelles, Prince Arthurs  
round table, by the Lord of Ludgate, nere fed such a fall,  
such a dapper swozeman, by the life of Wharfe, a byane reso-  
lute swozeman, peace Jane, I say no more, mad knaves:

Firke. Well, se Hodge, how my maister raves in commen-  
dation of Kase.

Hodge. Kaph, th'art a gull by this hand, and thou goest.

Askew. I am glad (good master Eyre) it is my hap  
To méete so resolute a souldiour.  
Trust me, so; your repose, and lone to him.



the Gentle Craft.

A common Night regard shall not respect him:

Lacie. Is thy name Raphe?

Raph. Yes sir.

Lacie. Give me thy hand,

Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman:

Woman be patient God (no doubt) will send

Thy husband safe againe, but he must goe,

His contries quarrell sayes it shall be so.

Hodge. Chart a gull by my stirrop, if thou dost not go, I  
will not haue thee strike thy gimblet into these weake bes-  
sels. pycke thine enemies Raphe. *Enter Dodger.*

Dodger. My Lord your vnckle on the Tower hill,  
Stayes with the Lord Pain: and the Aldermen,  
And doth request you with all speed you may  
To hasten thither. *Exit Dodger.*

Askew. Cousin come lets go.

Lacie. Dodger, runne you before, tell them we come,  
This Dodger is mine vnckles parasite,  
The arrants varlet that ere breathed on earth,  
He sets moze disoord of a noble house,  
By one dayes broching in his piththanke tales,  
Then can be salu'd againe in twenty yeares,  
And he (I feare) shall go with vs to France,  
To pite into our actions.

Askew. Therefore cōye,

It shall be hōme pon to be circumspect,

Lacie Feare not god cōsent. Raph, hie to your colours.

Raph. I must, because there is no remedy,

But gentle maister and my louing dame,

As pon haue alwayes beene a friend to me,

So in my absence thinke vpon my wife,

Iane. Alasse my Raph.

Wife. She cannot speake for weeping.

Eyre

# A pleasant Comedie of

Eyre. Peace you cracke groates, you mustard tokens, dis-  
quiet not the hane souldier, go thy wifes Raph.

Iane. I I, you bid him go, what shal I do when he is gone?  
Firk. Why be doing to me, o; my felow Hodge, be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand Iane, this fine hand, this white  
hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must worke,  
worke you bombast, cotton-candle-greente, worke for your  
liuing with a port. pouhold this Raph, heres fine spones  
for the, fight for the honour of the Gentle Crack, for the gen-  
tlemen shomakers, the contagious cordwainers, the flow-  
er of S. Martins, the mad knaves of Bedlem, Plasterate,  
Towerstrate, and white Chappell, cracke me the crownes  
of the French knaves, a por on them, cracke them, fight, by  
the lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firk. Heres Rafe, heres three two pence, two carry into  
France, the thirde shal wash our soules at parting (for sorrow  
is dyte) for my sake; Pike the Basa mon cues.

Hodge. Raph, I am heauy at parting, but heres a whil-  
ling for the; God send thee to cramme thy stomp with french  
crowns, and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Ralph. I thanke you master, and I thanke you all  
How gentle wife, my louing lonely Iane,  
Rich men at parting, glue their wines rich gifts,  
Jewels and rings, to grace their lilly hands,  
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for womens beeles:  
Here take this paire of shyes cut out by Hodge,  
Stitcht by my fellow Firkus, seam'd by my selfe,  
Made up and pincht, with letters for thy name,  
Weare them my deere Iane, for thy husbards sake,  
And euery morning when thou pull'st them on,  
Remember me, and pray for my returne,  
Make much of them, for I haue made them so,  
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Sound

the Gentle Craft.

*Sound drumme, enter Lord Maior, Lincolne, Lacy, Aken  
Dodger, and souldiers, They passe ouer the stage, Rafe  
faller in amongst them, Firke and the rest cry farewell,  
&c. and so Exennt.*

*Enter Rose alone making a Garland*

Here sit thou downe vpon this flowre banke,  
And make a garland for thy Lacies head,  
These pinkes, these roses, and these violets,  
These blushing gilliflowers, these marigoldes,  
The faire embroidery of his coronet,  
Carry not halfe such beauty in their cheekes,  
As the sweete countenance of my Lacy doth.  
O my most unkinde father! O my starres!  
Why lookest thou so at my nativity,  
To make me lone, yet liue robb of my loue?  
Here as a thiefe am I imprisoned  
(For my deere Lacies sake) within these walles,  
Which by my fathers cost were builded vp  
For better purposes: here must I languish  
For him that doth as much lament (I know) *enter Sibil*  
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woo.  
*Sibil.* Good morrow pong Mistris, I am sure you make  
that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the Har-  
nest.

Rose Sibil, what news at London?

Sibil None but good: my lord Marcs your father, and  
master Philpot your vnckle, and master Scot your cousin, and  
mistris Frigbottom by Doctors Commons, doe all (by my  
troth) send you most hearty commendations.

Rose Did Lacy send kind grætings to his loue?

Sibil O yes, out of cry by my troth, I sent hinc to him,  
here a woys scarf, and here a scarf, here a bunch of fetheres  
and

A pleasant comedy of

and here pious, stanes and ie vells, & apaire of garters:  
 O monstrous like o is of our pelloe like cartais, at home  
 here in Dis-ford house, here in mister Belymounts chmber,  
 I stane at our dore in Tozackill, lo'it at him, he at me  
 in dore, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word, mery gap  
 thought I with, & to inson, he pass by me as proude, mery  
 sob, are you growne hamozous thought I? and so that the  
 dore, and in I came.

Rose. O Sibill, how dost thou my Lacy wyng  
 My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe.  
 No one was euer halfe so mild as he.

Sibill. O! pea as a bushel of scrypt crabs, he lo'it by-  
 on me as softe as berinck: goe thy wapes thought I, thou  
 must be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my neather-  
 stockes: this is your fault mistris, to loue him that lones not  
 you he thinkes scoone to do as he's done to, but if I were as  
 you, I'd cry, go by Ieronimo, go by, I'd set mine old debts  
 against my new dyblets, and the hares foot against y goose  
 giblets, for if euer I sigh when sleep I should take, pray  
 God I may lose my mayden-head when I wake.

Rose. Will my loue leaue me then and go to France?

Sibill. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk  
 befoze the souldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but,  
 he is proper that proper both, let him goe snick-by yong mi-  
 stris.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learne perfectly,  
 Whether my Lacy go to France or no:  
 Do this, and I will giue thee for thy paines,  
 My cambycke apzon, and my romish gloues,  
 My purple stockings, and a stomacher,  
 Say, wilt thou do this Sibill, for my sake?

Sibill. Will I quoth as at whose suite: by my troth yes, I'll  
 go, a cambycke apzon, gloues, a paire of purple stockings  
 and

the Gentle Craft.

And a stomacher, He sweate in purple mistris for you, He tak  
any thing that comes a Gods name, Or ich, a Cabyricke a-  
ppon; faith then haue at vp taitles all, He go Higgy Hoggy to  
London, and be here in a trice yong mistris.

Rose. Do so god will, meane time wretched I,  
Will sit and sigh for his lost companie. Exit.

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shooe-maker.

Lacy. How many shapcs haue gods and kings deuised  
Thereby to compasse their desired lones?  
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,  
To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,  
That thus disguids, I may vnknowne possesse,  
The onely happy presence of my Rose:  
For her haue I forsake my charge in France,  
Incurd the Kings displeasure, and stird vp  
Rough hatred in mine vnckle Lincolnes breast:  
O loue, how powerfull art thou, that canst change  
High birth to barenesse, and a noble mind,  
To the meane semblance of a Shoomaker?  
But thus it must be: for her cruell father,  
Hating the single vniou of our soules,  
Hath secretly conuoyed my Rose from London,  
To barre me of her presence, but I trust  
Fortune and this disguise will surder me  
Once moze to blew her beutie, gaine her sight.  
Here in Towerstreete, with Ayre the shooe-maker,  
Speake I a while to worke, I know the trade,  
I learn't it when I was in Wittenberge:  
Then chere thy hoping sprites, be not dismayde,  
Thou canst not want, do fortune what she can,  
The Gentle Craft is liuing for a man. exit.

Enter Eyre making him selfe readie.

Eyre. Where be thys boyes, these girles, these dyabbbes,  
these

Apleasant comedy of

these scoundzels, they wallow in the fat brolle of my bottie, and lick by the crums of my table, yet will not rise to see my walkes cleansed: come out you powder-baese queanes, what Hen, what Hodge-mumble-crull, com out you fatter-spouit swag-belly whores, and swiepe me these kennels, that the noysome stench offends not the nose of my neighbours: what Firke I say. what Hodge? open my shop with-dolues, what Firke I say.

*Enter Firke*

Firke. O master, ist you that speake bang-dog and bedlam this morning, I was in a dreame, and mized what madde man was got into the stréte so early, haue you dzunke this morning that your throte is so clere?

Eyre. Ah well said Firke, well said Firke, to worke my fine knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and thou't be moze blest.

Firke. Let them wash my face that will eate it, god master send for a souce wiffe, if you will haue my face cleaner

*enter Hodge.*

Eyre. Away flouen, auant scoundzell, god morrow Hodge, god morrow my fine foreman.

Hodge. O master, god morrow, paer an earlie stirrer heeres a faire morning, god morrow Firke, I conld haue slept this holwe, heeres a brane day towards.

Eyre. O halt to worke my fine foreman, halt to worke

Firke. Maister I am dye as dust, to heare my fellow Rogger talke of faire weather, let vs pray for god leather, and let clownes & plowboyes, & those that worke in the feldes pray for brane dayes, we worke in a dye shop, what care I if it raine?

*enter Eyres wiffe.*

Eyre. How now dame Margery, can you see to rise? trip and go call by the dzabs your maides.

wife. See to rise? hope tis time enough, tis early enough for any woman to be seene abroad, I maruaile how many wifes in Towerstréet are by so sone: Gods me tis not now

*heeres*

the Gentle Craft.

heres a ratoling.

Eyre. Peace Hargery, peace, wheres Cissy Bamtrinket your maide? shee has a play fault, shee sarts in her sleepe, call the queene by, if my men want smethyng, she swing her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet thats but a dyle beating, heres still a signe of dought.

*Enter Lacy singing.*

Lacy. Der was en boze van Gelierland, Frolich si byen  
He was als dronke he cold nyet stand, wylce se byen,  
Tap eens de canneken dytncke scheus mannekin.

Firke. Master, for my life ponders a brother of the gentle Craft, if he beare not Saint Hughs bones, he forseit my bones, heres some vplandish workman, hire him good master, that I may learne some gibble, gabble, twill make vs worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace Firke, a hard world, let him passe, let him banish, we haue tourneyemen enow, peace my fine Firke.

Wife. Nay, nay yare best follow your mans counsell, you shal see what wil come on't: we haue not me enow, but we must entertaine every butter-bore: but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, for God if my master follow your counsell, heele consume little beeste, he shal be glad of men, & hee can catch them.

Firke. I that be shall.

Hodge. For God a proper man, and I warrant a fine workman: master farewell, dame adieu, if such a man as he cannot find worke, Hodge is not for you. *offer to go.*

Eyre. Stay my fine Hodge.

Firke. Faith, and your foreman go, dame you must take a journey to seek a new iorneyman, if Roger remoue, Firke follows, if Saint Hughs bones shal not be set a worke, I may picke mine awle in the wals, and goe play: fare ye wel master, God buy dame.

A pleasant Comedie of

Eyre. Carry my fine Hodge, my briske foreman, say  
Firke, peace pudding bzoath, by the lozd of Ludgate I lone  
my men as my life, peace you gallimaufry, Hodge if he want  
worke Ile hire him, one of you to him, say, he comes to vs.

Lacie. Goeden dach meester, ende b bzo oak.

Firke. Quiles if I should speake after him without drinke  
ing, I should choke, & you frind Wale, are you of the gentle

Lacie. Wat, wat, ik bin den skomaker. (Craze)

Firke. Den skomaker quoth a, and heark you skomaker,  
haue you al your toles, a god rubbing pin, a god stopper,  
a god dyesser, your soure sopts of awles, and your two balls  
of ware, your pacing knife, your hand and thumb-leathers,  
and good S. Hughes bones to smoth by your worke.

Lacie. Wat wat be nest boyheard, ik hab all de dingen,  
boour mach shoes grot and cleane.

Firke. Wa be god maister hire him, hale make me laugh  
so that I shall worke moze in mirth then I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heare ye friend, haue ye any skill in the mystery of  
Cordwainers?

Lacie. Ich wet niet wat pols seg ich verstaen pon niet.

Firke. Why thus man, Ich verste b niet quoth a.

Lacie. Wat, wat, wat, ich can dat wel doen.

Firke. Wat, wat, he speaks watwing like a Jacke wat,  
that gapes to be fed with cheese curdes, O hale giue a villa-  
nous pul at a Can of double Beere, but Hodge and I haue  
the bantage, we must drinke first, because we are the eldest  
Iournemen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacie. Hans, Hans. Penlter.

Eyre. Giue me thy hand th'art welcome, Hodge enter-  
taine him, Firke bid him welcome, come Hans, run wise,  
bid your maids, your Trallibuds, make ready my fine mens  
breakfasts: to him Hodge.

Hodge.



the Gentle Craft.

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, ble thy selfe friendly, for we are good fellows, if not thou shalt be sought with, wert thou bigger then a Giant.

Firke. Pea and r:anke with, wert thou Gargantua, my maister hopes no cowards, I tell thee: hee, boy, bring him an hyle-block, heeres a new journeyman.

*Enter boy.*

Lacy. O ich wersto, you Ich moet en halve dossen Cans bekasien: here boy nempt dis skilling, tap ens fräitche.

*Exit boy.*

Eyre. Quicke snipper snapper, away Firke, scotze thy throate, thou shalt wash it with Castilian sicour, come my last of the fives, glue me a Can, haue to thee *Enter boy.*

Hans. here Hodge, here Firke, drinke you mad Orakers, and worke like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyze the Shomaker: here Hans, and th'art welcome.

Firke. Aoe dame you would haue lost a good fellow that will teach vs to laugh, this beere came hopping in well.

Wife. Simon it is almost seauen.

Eyre. Is't so dame clapper dudgeon, 'is't senen a clocke, and my mens brenkefast not ready: trip and go you solist ringer, away, come you madde Hyperboreans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Firk, to worke to worke a while, and then to breakfast. *Exit.*

Firk. Soft, yato, yato, good Hans, though my maister haue no moze witt, but to call you also me, I am not so solisth to go behind you, I belong the elder journeyman. *Exeunt.*

Hollowing within. Enter Warner, and Hammon, like hunters.

Hammon. Cosen, beate euery brake, the game's not far, This way with winged fette be fled from death, kiblitt the pursuing bounds senting his steps: Find out his hgh way to destruction.

*Beates*

A pleasant Comedie of

Besides, the millers boy told me euen now,  
He saw him take soile, and he hallowed him,  
Affirming him so emboss,  
That long he could not hold.

Warner. If it be so,

His best we trace these meddowes by old Ford.

*A noise of hunters within, enter a boy.*

Hammon. How now boy, wheres the deere: speak, satost  
thou him?

Boy. Yea I saw him leape through a hedge, and then  
ouer a ditch, then at my Lord Maio's pale, ouer hee skippt  
me and in he went me, and holla the hunters ride, & there  
boy there boy, but there he is a mine honesty.

Ham. Boy God a mercy, coosen lets away,  
I hope we shal find better sport to day.

*exit.*

*Hunting within, enter Rose, and Sibill.*

Rose. Why Sibill wilt thou proue a forrester?

Sibill. Upon some no, forrester, go by: no faith mistris,  
the deere came running into the barne through the or-  
chard, & ouer the pale, I wat well. I loekt as pale as a new  
shée to see him, but whip saies goodman pin-close, by with  
his halfe, and our picke with a prong, and downe he fell,  
and they vpon him, and I vpon them, by my troth wee had  
such sport, and in the end wee ended him, his throte was  
cut, dead him, vnborne him, and my lord Maio shal eat of  
him anon when he comes.

*Horner sound within,*

Rose. Heark, heark, the hunters come. yarebest take  
heed the'se haue a saying to you so; this deed.

*Enter Hammon, Warner huntsmen, and boy.*

Ham. God save you faire ladies.

Sibill. Ladies, & grosse!

War. Came not a bucks this way?

Rose

the Gentle Craft.

Rose. No, but two Does.

Ham. And which way went they? faith wel hunt at those.

Sibil. At those: upon some no: when, can you tell?

War. Upon some, I.

Sibil. God Rojd!

War. Wounds then farewell.

Ham. Boy, which way went he?

Boy. This way sir he ranne.

Ham. This way he ranne indeed, faire mistress Rose,  
Our game was lately in your orchard scene.

War. Can you advise which way he took his flight?

Sibil. Followe your nose, his hoznes will guide you  
right.

War. That a mad wench.

Sibill. O rich!

Rose. Trust me, not I,

It is not like that the wild foxrest dére,  
Would come so neare to places of resort,  
You are deceiu'd, he fled some other way.

War. Which way my finger-candle, can you shew?

Sibil. Come by god honnisops, upon some, no.

Rose. Why doe you stay, and not pursue your game?

Sibill. He hold my life their hunting nags be lame.

Ham. A dére, moze dére is found within this place.

Rose. But not the dére (sir) which you had in chase.

Ham. I char'd the dére, but this deers chaceth me.

Rose. The strangest hunting that euer I sé,

But wheres your parke?

She offers to goe away.

Ham. 'Tis here: O Ray.

Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stray.

War. They twangle wench, we are moze kind then they.

Sibil. What kind of heart is that (dére heart) you seek?

D

War.

A pleasant Comedie of

War. I hart, deare hart.

Sibil. Who euer saw the like?

Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?

Ham. My heart is lost.

Rose. Alack good Gentleman.

Ham. This prize lost hart would I wish you might finde.

Rose. You by such luck might prize your hart a kinde.

Ham. Why Luck had homes, so haue I heard some say.

Rose. Now God and't be his will send Luck into your way.

*Enter L. Maior, and seruants.*

L. Mai. What M. Hammon, welcome to old Ford.

Sibil. Gods pittikins, bands off sir, heeres my Lord.

L. Maior. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

Hammon. Tis true my Lord.

L. Maior. I am sorrie for the same.

What Gentleman is this?

Hammon. My brother in law.

L. Maior. You are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you  
Into my hands you shall not part from hence,  
Until you haue refresht your wearied limmes:  
So Sibell couer the word, you shall be gnest  
To no good cheare, but euen a hunters feast.

Hammon. I thanks your Lordship: cosen on my life,  
For our lost venison, I shall finde a wife.

*Exeunt.*

L. Maior. In gentlemen, He not be absent long,  
This Hammon is a proper Gentleman,  
A cittizen by birth, fairely allide,  
How fit an husband were he for my girle?  
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,  
To match my daughter to this Gentleman.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lacie, Skipper, Hodge, and Firke.*

Skip. Ick sal pow wat seggen Hans, dis skip dat comen  
from Canop is alwol, by gots sacrament, van sugar, cinet,  
almonds,

the Gentle Craft.

almond, Cambrick, end alle dingen totusand totusand ding,  
nempt it Hans, nempt it boz v meester, daer be de bils van  
laden, pour meester Symon Eyze sal haer goed copen, wat  
seggen pow Hans.

Firke. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen, laugh  
Hodge laugh.

Lacie. Mine lieuer broder Firke, bringt meester Eyze lot  
der signe bu swannekin, daer sal you finde dis skipper end  
me, wat seggen pow broder Firke: dat it Hodge, come  
skipper.

*Exeunt.*

Firke. Bring him go. you, haeres no knauery, to bring my  
maister to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3. hundred  
thousand punds, alas thats nothing, a trifle, a bable Hodge.

Hod. The truth is Firke, that the marchant owner of the  
ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this skipper that  
deales for him, for the loue he beares to Hans, offers my ma-  
ster Eyze a bargaine in the commoditties, hee shall haue a  
reasonable day of payment, hee may sell the wares by that  
time and be an huge gainer himselfe.

Firke. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twen-  
tie porpentines as an earnest pennie.

Hodge. Portegues thou wouldst say, here they be Firke,  
beach, they gingle in my pocket like S. Wary Queries bells.

*Enter Eyre and his wife.*

Firke. Hum, here comes my dame and my maister, shele  
scold on my life, for loste ring this Monday, but al's one, let  
them all say what they can, Monday's our holyday.

Wife. You sing sir sauce, but I bespew your heart,  
I feare for this your singing we shall smart.

Firke. Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

Hodge. Maister I hope powle not suffer my dains to take  
downe your tourney men.

Firke. If she take me downe, Ile take her by yea and take

## Apleasant comedy of

her doctune too, a button-hole lower,

Eyre. Peace Firke, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharao, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, euery haire whereof I valew at a Kings ranfome, He shall not meddle with you, peace you bumbast-cotten-candle quane, a war quene of clabs, quarrel not with mee and my men, with mee and my fine Firke, its firke you if you do.

Wife. Pea pea man, you may vse me as you please: but let that passe.

Eyre. Let it passe, let it vanissh away: peace, am I not Simon Eyre? are not these my braue men? braue Shoemakers, all gentlemen of the gentle craft: pynce am I none, yet am I nobly borne, as being the sole sonne of a Shoemaker, alway rubbish, vanissh, melt, melt like kitchen Cuffe.

Wife. Pea, pea, tis wel, I must be cald rubbish, kitchen Cuffe, for a sort of knaues.

Firke. Say same. you shall not wepe and waile in woe for mee: master ile stay no longer, heres a vennentoyle of my shop tooles: adue master, Hodge farewel.

Hodge. Say stay Firke, thou shalt not go alone.

Wife. I pray let them goe, there be mo maides then malowkin, moze men then Hodge, and moze fooles then Firke.

Firke. Fooles? nalles if I carry now, I would my guts might be turnd to Sho-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turnd to a Turke, and set in Finsbury for bores to shoote at: come Firke.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaues, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a titile tattles words make you forsake Simon Eyre? auant kitchen Cuffe, rippe you brolone bread tannikin, out of my sight, mone me not, haue not I tane you from selling tripes in Castebraye, and set you in my shop, and made you halfe fellowe with  
Simon

the Gentle Craft.

Simon Eyre the Homaker : and now do you deale thus with my Iournymen ? Like you powder kafe quene on the face of Hodge, hērs a face for a Lord.

Firk. And hērs a face for any Lady in Chyftendome.

Eyre. Wip you chitterling, aquaint bar, bid the capster of the Boyes head fill me a dozen Cans of hēre for my Iournymen.

Firke. A dozen Cans ? O hyane, Hodge now Ile say.

Eyre. And the knaue fills any moze then two, he payes for them : a dozen Cans of hēre for my Iournymen, heare you mad Mesopotamians, wash your liuers with this liquor, where be the odde ten : no moze Wadge, no moze, well said, drink & to worke: what worke dost thou Hodge? what worke

Hodge. I am a making a paire of shoes for my Lords Papoys daughter, mistresse Rose.

Firk. And I a paire of shoes for Wybill my Lords maide, I deale with her.

Eyre. Wybil? He, defile not thy fine workemans fingers with the fite of Kitchin staffe, and basting ladles, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their set to our apparelling, put grosse worke to Hans: parke and seame, park and seame.

Firke. For parking & seaming let me alone & I come too.

Hodge. Well maister, all this is from the bias, do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the swan: here be the Portiguers to gine earnest, if you go through with it, you cannot choose but be a Lord at least.

Firk. Say dame, if my maister pions not a Lord, and you a Ladie, hang me.

Wife. Be a like inough, if you may loiter and tippie thus.

Firke. Tippie dame? no, we haue bene bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag: cā you Dutch speaken for a ship & a

A pleasant Comedy of

Like Cipresse, laden with sugar Candie.

Enter the boy with a veluet coate, and an Aldermans  
gowne, Ayre puts it on.

Eir, Peace Firke, silence tittle tattle: Dodge, ile go thpongh  
with it, heere a seale ring, & I haue sent for a garded gowne,  
and a damask Casock, see where it comes, looke here Daggy  
help me Firke, apparel me Dodge, like and fatten you mad  
Philistines, like and fatten.

Firke, Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dogge in a  
dublet, all in beaten damaske and veluet.

Eyre, Softly Firke, for rearing of the nap, and wearing  
thread-bare my garments: how dost thou like me Firke?  
how do I looke, my fine Dodge.

Hodge, Why now you looke like your self master, I war-  
rant you, ther's few in the city, but will giue you the wall, &  
come vpon you with the right worshipful.

Firke, Gallies my master lookes like a thzed-bare cloaks  
new turn'd, and best: Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment  
both dame, daine, are you not enamoured?

Eire, How saist thou Daggy, am I not byistram I not finer  
Wife, Fine by my troth swete heart very fine: by my troth  
I neuer likt thee so wel in my life swete heart. But let that  
passe, I warrant there be many women in the citie haue not  
such handsome husbands, but onlp for their apparell, but let  
that passe too. Enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans, Godden day mester, tis be de skipper dat heb de  
ship bin marchandice, de commoditie ben good, nempt it ma-  
ster, nempt it.

Aire, Godamercy Hans, welcome skipper, where lies  
this ship of marchandice?

Skip. De ship bene in roners: do; bee van sugar, cinet,  
Almonds, Cambricke, and a towland towland tings, got's  
sacrament, nempt it mester, ye sal heb good copen.

Firke.



the Gentle Craft.

Firke. To him maister. O swete maister, O swete waies,  
primes, almons, sugar-candy, carrot roots, turneps, O be as  
fattning meate, let not a man buy a nutmeg but your selfe.

Eyre. Peace Firke, come Skipper, Ile goe aboard with  
you, Hans haue you made him drinke?

Skip. Patw, patw, le heb beale ge druncke

Eyre. Come Hans follow me: Skipper, thou shalt haue  
my countenance in the Cittie. Exeunt.

Firke. Patw heb beale ge drunck, quoth a: they may well  
be called butter-borers, when they drinke fat beale, & thicke  
beere too: but come dame, I hope youle chide vs no more.

Wife. So saith Firke, no perdy Hodge, I do feele honour  
crepe vpon me, and which is moze, a certaine rising in my  
flesh but let that passe.

Firke. Rising in your flesh doe you feele say youe I you may  
be with child, but why should not my maister feele a rising  
in his flesh hauing a gowbe and a gold ring on, but you are  
such a shrew, youle soon pull him downe.

Wife. Ha, ha, pathe peace, thou maist my worship laugh,  
but let that passe: come Ile goe in Hodge, pathe goe before  
me, Firke follow me.

Fi. Firke doth follow, Hodge passe out in Cate. Exeunt.

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Li. Vow now good Dodger, whar's the news in France?

Dodg. My Lord, vpon the eightene day of May,  
The French and English were prepared to fight,  
Each side with eager fury gave the signe  
Of a most hot encounter, fūe long houres  
Both armies fought together: at the length,  
The lot of battaile fell on our sides,  
Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day diide,  
Foure thousand English, and no man of name,  
But Capitaine Spam, and young Arrington,

Two

A pleasant Comedie of

Two gallant Gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lin. But Dodger, praye tell me in this sight,  
How did my cosen Lacie beare himselfe?

Dodger. My Lord, your cosen Lacie was not there.

Lin. Not there? Dog. No, my good Lord,

Lin. Sure thou mistakest,

I saw him shipt, and a thousand eyes beside,  
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gaue,  
When I with weeping eyes bid him adieu:  
Dodger take heed.

Dodges. My Lord I am aduise,  
That what I spake is true: to proue it so,  
His cosen Askew that supplide his place,  
Sent me for him from France, that secretly  
He might conuey himselfe hither.

Lin. It euen so,

Dares he so carelesly venture his life,  
Upon the indignation of a King?  
Hath he despis'd my loue, and spurn'd those fauours  
Which I with prodigall hand powrd on his head?  
He shall repent his rashnesse with his soule,  
Since of my loue he makes no estimate,  
I'll make him wish he had not knowne my hate,  
Thou hast no other remedies:

Dodger. None else, my Lord.

Lin. None worse I know thou hast: procure the king  
To crovne his giddy brookes with ample honours,  
Send him these Colonell, and all my hope  
Thus to be dashed: but tis in vaine to grieve,  
One euill cannot a worse reloue:  
Upon my life I haue found out his plot,  
That old dog Loue that sat on him so,  
Loue to that pulling girl, his faire chéat Rose,

the Gentle Craft.

The Lord Maiors daughter hath distracted him,  
And in the fire of that lones lunacie,  
With he burnt vp himselfe, consum'd his credite,  
Lost the kings loue, yea and I feare, his life,  
Shelp to get a wanton to his wife:  
Dodger, it is so.

Dodger. I feare so, my good Lord.

Lincolne. It is so, nay sure it cannot be.

I am at my wits end Dodger.

Dodger. Yea my Lord.

Lin. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes haunts,  
Spend this gold for thy paines, goe seek him out,  
Watch at my Lord Maiors (there if he lue)  
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to make with him :  
Whet he be diligent. Lacie thy name  
Lied once in honour, now dead in shame :  
Be circumspect.

*Exit.*

Dodger. I warrant you my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lord Maior, and Maister Scotte.*

L Ma. Good maister Scot, I haue bene told with you,  
To be a witness to a wedding knot,  
Betwixt your maister Hammon and my daughter,  
Stand aside, see where the louers come.

*Enter Hammon, and Rose.*

Rose. Can it be possible you loue me so?  
No, no. Within those eye-balls I espie,  
Apparant likelihoods of flattery,  
Pray now let go my hand.

Hammon. Sweete mistress Rose,  
Disconstrue not my words, nor misconceine,  
Of my affection, whose deuoted soule  
Swears that I loue thee dearer then my heart.

Rose. As deare as your owne heart? I iudge it right.

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pen

A pleasant Comedie of

Open loue their hearts best when th'are out of sight.

Hammon. I loe you, by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now:

If flesh be fraile, how weake and frail's your boiue?

Ham. Then by my life I sweare.

Rose. Then do not brawle,

One quarrell loseth wiſe and life and all,

Is not your meaning thus?

Ham. I ſaith you tell.

Rose. Loue loues to ſport, therefore leaue loue y<sup>e</sup> are beſt.

L. Maior. What ſquare they maiſter Scot?

Scot. Sir, neuer doubt,

Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Rose, be not ſo ſtrange in ſanſying me,

Pay neuer turne aſide, hence not my ſight,

I am not growne ſo ſond, to ſend my loue

On any that ſhall quit it with diſdaine,

If you will loue me, ſo, if not, farewell,

L. Ma. Why how now louers, are you both agreed?

Ham. Yes ſaith my Lord. (daughter.

L. Maior. 'Tis well. giue mee your hand, giue me yours

How now, both pull back, what meanes this, girle?

Rose. I meane to liue a maide,

Ham. But not to liſe one, pauſe ere that be ſaid. aſide.

L. Mai. Will you ſtill croſſe me? ſtill be obſtinate?

Hamond. Say chide her not my Lord ſoz doing well,

If ſhe can liue an happy virgins life,

'Tis farre more bleſſed then to be a wiſſe.

Rose. Say ſir I cannot, I haue made a vow,

Who euer be my husband, tis not you.

L. Mai. Your tongue is quick, but ſp. Hamond know,

I bad you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you haue me pale, & pine, and pray,

What

the Gentle Craft.

With lonely ladie mistress of my heart,  
Pardon your seruant, and the rimer play,  
Kipling on Cupid, and his tyrants dart,  
Or shall I haue take some martiall spoile,  
Wearing your gloue at turney, and at tilt,  
And tell how many gallants I vnhorsed,  
Swete, will this pleasure you?

Rose. Yes, when wilt begin?

What loue-rimes man? He on that deadly sinne.

L. Maior. If you will loue her, He make her agré.

Ham. Enforced loue is worse then hate to me,  
There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,  
To her will I, it is not wealth I seeke,  
I haue enough, and will preferre her loue  
Before the world: my Lord Lord Mayor adew,  
Old loue for me, I haue no luck with new,

Exit.

L. Maior. Now mammet you haue wel behau'd your selfe,  
But you shall curie your coynesse if I liue:  
Whose with in there? He you conuay your mistress  
Straight to th' old fozde, He keepe you straight enough,  
For God I would haue sworne the puling gille,  
Would willingly accepted Hammons loue,  
But banish him my thoughts, go manson in, Exit Rose.  
Now tell me maister Scot, would you haue thought,  
That maister Simon Cype the thomaker,  
Had bene of wealth to buy such marchandize?

Scot. It was well my Lord, your honour, and my selfe,  
Crew partners with him for your bills of lading,  
Shew that Cype's gaine in one commoditie,  
Wise at the least to full thre thousand pound,  
Besides like gaine in other marchandize.

L. Major. Well he shall spend some of his thousands now.

A pleasant comedy of

For I haue sent for him to the Guild Hall, *Enter Eyre.*  
See where he comes: god morrow master Eyre.

Eyre. Vnde Simon Eyre, my Lord, your shomaker.

L. Maior. Well wel, it likes your selfe to terme you so,  
Now M. Dodger, whats the newes with you?

*Enter Dodger.*

Dodger. Ibe gladly speake in priuate to your honoz.

L. Maior. You shal, you shal: master Eyre, and M. Scot,  
I haue some busi nesse with this gentleman,  
I pray let me intreate you to walke before  
To the Guild hall, ile follow presently,  
Master Eyre, I hope ere none to call you Shriciffe.

Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might call mee  
King of Spaine, come master Scot.

L. Maior. Now master Dodger, whats the netwes you  
bring?

Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me greets your lordship  
And earnestly requests you (if you can)  
Informe him where his Nephew Lacie keeps.

L. Maior. Is not his Nephew Lacie now in France?

Dodger. So I assure your lordship, but disguisoe  
Turkes here in London.

L. Maior. London: is't euen so?

It may be, but vpon my faith and soule,  
I know not where he lines, or whether he lines,  
So tel my Lord of Lincolne: lurch in London:  
Well master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,  
Be but the meanes to rid him into France,  
Ile giue you a dozen angels for your paines,  
So much I loue his honour, hate his Nephew,  
And prethee so informe thy lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leane.

*exit Dodger.*

L. Maior. Farewell god master Dodger.

Lacie

the Gentle Craft.

Lace in London? I dare patone up life,  
My daughter knowes thereof, and for that cause,  
Denide yong Maister Hammon in his lone,  
Will I am glad I sent her to old Forder,  
Gods lord tis late, to Guild Hall I must hie,  
I know my brethren stay my companie. *Exit.*

*Enter Firke, Eyles wife, Hans, and Roger.*

Wife. Thou goest too fast for me Roger.

Firke. I forsooth.

Wife. I pray thee runne (doe you heare) runne to Guild Hall, and learne if my husband maister Eyle will take that worshipfull vocation of M. Shyrriffe upon him, hie thee good Firke.

Firke. Take it well I goe, and he should not take it, Firke sweares to forswear him, yes forsooth I go to Guild hall.

Wife. Say when: thou art too compendious, and tedious.

Firke. O rare, your excellencie is full of eloquence, both like a new cart wheele my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding.

Wife. Say when? thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firke. God forbid your worship should fall into that humour, I runne. *Exit.*

Wife. Let me see now Roger and Hans

R. I forsooth came (mistris I should say) but the old termes so stickes to the rosc of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

Wife. Can what thou wilt good Roger, dame is a faire name for any honest Christian, but let that passe, how doost thou Hans?

Hans. Wee thank you very.

Wife. Well Hans and Roger you see God hath bless your maister, and perdie if ever hee comes to see M. Shyrriffe of London (as we are all mortall) you shall see I will haue some odder thing or other in a corner for you: I will not be your

A pleasant Comedy of

backe friend, but let that passe, Hans pray thee lye my shoe.  
Hans. Walw ic sal bzo.

Wife. Roger, thou knowst the length of my soote, as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God it is handsome enough, pzethee let me haue a paire of shoes made, Toke good Roger, wooden beele too.

Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou acquainted with nener a fardingale-maker, nor a french-hod maker, I must enlarge my bumme, ha, ha, how shall I looke in a hode I wonder perdie only I thinke.

Roger. As a Catte out of a pillosie, verp well I warrant you mistress.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grasse, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buye a good hayze?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the poulterers in Gracious street.

Wife. Thou art an ingratiouse wag, perdy, I meane a false haire for my perdwig.

Roger. Why mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall haue the shavings of it, but they are all true haire.

Wi. It is verp hot, I must get me a fan or else a maske.

Rog. So you had need, to hide your wicked face.

Wife. Hee vpon it, how costly this worlde's calling is, perdy, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deale with it: is not firke come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it passe and vanish, as my husbands workshop fapes.

Hans. Ick bin brollicke, lot see you so.

Roger. Mistress, will you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. Hee vpon it Roger, perdy, these filthy Tobacco pipes are the most idle flauering bables that euer I felt: out vpon it, God blasse vs, men looke not like me, that blee them.

Enter



the Gentle Craft.

Enter Raphe being lame.

Roger. What fellow that? & what use he here, I need  
husband: why how now, lame? Hans make much of him,  
he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall  
souldier.

Hans. You be welcome brother.

Wife. Pardie I knew him not, how dost thou good Rafe?  
I am glad to see thee well.

Rafe. I would God you saw me same as wel,  
As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust mee I am sorry Rafe to see thee impotent,  
Loyd how the warres haue made him sun-burnt: the left  
leg is not wel: tis was a faire gift of God the infirmities took  
not hold a litle higher, considering thou camest from  
France: but let that passe.

Rafe. I am glad to see you well, and I reioyce  
To heare that God hath blest my maister so  
Since my departure.

Wife. Yea truly Rafe, I thanke my maker: but let that  
passe.

Rog. And sirra Rafe, what newes, what newes in France?

Rafe. Tel mee good Roger first, what newes in England?

How does my Jane? when didst thou see my wife?

Why: she liues my poore heart? shee be poore indeed,

Now I want limbs to get wherewith to feed.

Roger. Limbs? hast thou not hands man? thou shalt ne-  
uer see a shoemaker want bread, though he haue but three  
fingers on a hand.

Rafe. Yet all this while I heare not of my Jane.

Wife. O Rafe your wife, perdie wee knowe not what  
became of her: she was here a while and because she was  
married, grew more stately then became her, I checked her,  
and so softly, away she flang, neuer returned, nor said by  
ne?

A pleasant Comedie of

noy bah : and Kase you know, ha mee, ha the. And so as I tell ye. Roger is not Firke come yet ?

Roger. No forsooth.

Wife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I leare shee lyes in London: but let that passe. If shee had wanted, shee might haue opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men, I am sure theres not any of them perdie, but would haue done her good to his power. Hans looke if Firke be come.

*Exit Hans.*

Hans. Patw it sal bpo.

Wife. And so as I said : but Kase, why dost thou weepe: thou knowest that naked we came out of our mothers wombe, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke God for all things.

Roger. No saith Jane is a stranger here, but Kase pull vp a good heart. I know thou hast one, thy wife man, is in London, one tolde me hee saue her a while agoe hee rye bzaue and heate, wale serret her out, and London holde her.

Wife. Alas, poore soule, hers ouer-come with sorrowe, hee does but as I doe, weepe for the losse of any good thing: but Kase, get thee in, call for some meate and drinke, thou shalt find me worshipfull towards thee.

Kase. I thanke you dame, since I want lims and lands, I le to God, my good friends, and to these my hands.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hans, and Firke running.*

Fyrke. Runne good Hans, O Hodge, O mistres, Hodge heare by thine eares, mistres: smugge by your lookes, on with

the Gentle Craft.

with your best apparell, my maister is chosen, my maister is called, nay condemn'd by the cripe of the country to be schi-  
riff of the Citie, so; this famous yeare now to come: and  
time now being, a great many men in black gownes were  
askt for their voices, and their hands, and my maister had  
all their fists about his eares presently, and they cryed J,  
J, J, and so I came away, wherefoze without all other  
griene. I doe salu'e you mistresse Hyene.

Hans. Paw, my mester is de great man, de Hyene.

Roger. Did not I tell you mistris: now I may boldly  
say, good morrow to your worship.

Wife. Good morrow good Roger, I thanke you my good  
people all. Firke, hold by thy hand, he's a thre-peny pence  
for thy tidings.

Firke. 'Tis but thre halfe pence, I thinke: yes, tis thre  
pence, I smell the Rose.

Roger. But mistresse, be rude by me, and do not speake  
so puttingly.

Firke. 'Tis her worship speakes so, and not shee, no faith  
mistresse, speake me in the olde key, so it Firke, there good  
firke, plis your busynesse Dodge, Dodge, with a ful mouth:  
He fill your bellies with god cheare til they crye stonng.

Enter Simon Eire wearing a gold chaine.

Hans. Hee myn lieuer broder, hee compt my meester.

Wife. Welcome home maister Hyene, I pray God con-  
tinne you in health and wealth.

Eyre. Hee here my Paggie, a chaine, a gold chaine for  
Simon Eyre, I shall make thee a Lady, hee's a French hood  
for thee, on with it, on with it, dresse thy browes with this  
flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee looke louely: where  
be my fine men: Roger, He make ouer my shop and sales  
to thee: Firke, thou shalt be the sojerman: Hans, thou shalt  
have

F

have

A pleasant Comedie of

hauē an hundred for twentie, bee as mad knaues as your  
maister Sim Eyre hath bin, & you shall līue to be wherins  
of London: how dost thou like me Warger? Wince am I  
none, yet am I princely boyne, Fiske, Wodge, and Hans.

Al 3. I forsooth, what saies your worship mistress Therise?  
Eyre, Worship and honour you Wablonien knaues, for  
the Gentle Craft: but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden by my  
Lord Paioz to dinner to old Fowd, he's gone before, I must  
after: come Wadge, on with your trinkets: now my true  
Trolans, my fine Fiske, my dapper Wodge, my honest  
Hans, some deuice, some odder crochets, some morris, or such  
like, for the honour of the gentle shew-makers, make mee at  
old Fowd, you know my minde: come Wadge, away, shutte  
vp the shop knaues, and make holiday. *Exeunt.*

Fisk. O rare, O haue, come Wodge, follow me Hans,  
Whe be with them for a morris dance. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife, Sibill in a French-hood,  
and other seruants.*

L. Maior. Trust mee you are as welcome to old Fowd,  
as I my selfe.

Wife. Truly I thanke your Worship.

L. Maior. Would our bad chere were worth the thanks  
you giue.

Eyre. Good chere my Lord Paioz, fine chere, a fine  
house, fine wal'es, all fine and neat.

L. Maior. Now by my troth He tell thee maister Eyre,  
It does me good and all my brethren,  
That such a madcap fellow as thy selfe  
Is entred into our societie.

Wife. I but my Lord, he must learne now to pulle on  
graustie.

Eyre. Peace Waggy, a fig for graustie, when I go to Guild  
hall in my scarlet gotone, He look as demurely as a saint, and  
speake

the Gentle Craft.

speake as grauely as a Iustice of peace, but now I am here at  
old fford, at my good L. Paiozs house, let it go be, banish  
Paggyp, He be merry, alway with flip, flap, these fooleries,  
these gulleries: what hunny? Prince am I none, yet am I  
Princely boyne: what saies my Lord Paioz

L. Maio. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather then a thousand pound,  
I had an heart but false so light as yours,

Eyre. Why what should I do my Lord: a pound of care  
paies not a dram of debt: hum, lets be merry whiles we are  
yong, old age, sacke and sugar will steale vpon vs ere we be  
abware.

L. Ma. Its wel done mistress Eyre, pray giue god counsel  
to my daughter.

Wife. I hope mistress Rose will haue the grace to take no-  
thing thats bad.

L. Ma. Pray God she do, for I saith mistress Eyre,  
I would bestow vpon that peuisish gile,  
A thousand Marks more then I meane to giue her,  
vpon condition shee be rulde by me,  
The spe still croseth me: there came of late,  
A proper Gentleman of faire reuenewes,  
Whome gladly I would call some in late:  
But my fine cockney would haue none of him.  
Woule proue a cockscombe so; it ere you see,  
A courtier, or no man must please your eye.

Eyre. We ruld sweet Rose, th'art ripe for a man: marry  
not w<sup>th</sup> a boy, that has no more haire on his face then thou  
hast on thy cheekes: a courtier, wally, go by, stand not vpon  
pishery passery: those Alken fellows are but pointed ima-  
ges, out sides, out sides Rose, their inner linings are toyne:  
no my fine mouse, marry mee with a Gentleman Grocer  
like my Lord Paioz your father, a Grocer is a swete trade  
Plums, Plums: had I a soune or Daughter should marry

## A pleasant Comedie of

Out of the generation and bloud of the Shoe-makers, he  
should packe: what, the Gentle trade is a living for a man  
thzough Europe, thzough the world.

A noyse within of a Taber and a Pipe.

Maior. ~~What~~ what noyse is this?

Eyre. O my Lord Maioz, a crue of god fellowses that  
for loue to your honoz, are come hither with a morris dance;  
come in my Mesopotamians chereely.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Raph, Firke, and other shoe-makers in a  
morris: after a little dancing the Lord Maior speakes,

Maior. Maister Eyre, are al these shoe-makers?

Eyre: Al Cordwainers my good Lord Maioz,

Rose. How like my Lacie lokes yond shoe-maker.

Haunce. O that I durst but speake vnto my loue!

Maior. Wilt thou go fetch some wine to make these drinke,  
You are al welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordship.

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Haunce.

Rose. For his sake whose faire shape thou representst,  
God friend I drinke to thee.

Hans. Ic be dancke god frister.

Eyres Wife. I see mistris Rose you do not want iudge-  
ment, you haue drunke to the properest man I keepe.

Firke. Here be some haue done their parts to be as pro-  
per as he.

Maior. Well, bzgent businesse calls me backe to London:  
God fellowses, first goe in and tast our cheare,  
And to make merry as you homeward go,  
Spend these two angels in here at Stratford Boe.

Eyre. To these tws (my mad lads) Sun Eyre addes an  
other,

the Gentle Craft.

other, then chereely Ficke, tickle is Daunce, and all so; the  
honour of Shoe-makers.

All goe dauncing out.

M. Come maister Cyre, lets haue your company. Exeunt.

Rose. Sibil What shall I do?

Sibil. Why whats the matter?

Rose. That Daunce the Shoe-maker is my lone Lacle,  
Disguise in that attire to find me out,  
How should I find the meanes to speake with him?

Sibil. What mistris, neuer feare, I dare venter my mat-  
denhead to nothing, and thats great odds, that Daunce the  
Dutchman when we come to London, shall not only see and  
speake with you, but in spite of al your Fathers pollicies,  
steale you away and marry you, will not this please you?

Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my lone.

Sibil. Away then, and follow your father to London, least  
your absence canse him to suspect something:  
To morrow if my counsell be obaide,  
He bind you pientise to the gentle trade.

Enter Iane in a Semsters shop working, and Hamond muffled  
at another doore, he stands aloofe,

Hamond. Ponders the Shop, and there my faire loue sits,  
Shes faire and lovely, but she is not mine,  
I would she were, thise haue I courted her,  
Thise hath my hand bene moistned with her hand,  
Whilst my pooze famisht eyes do sed on that  
Which made them famish: I am infortunat,  
I stil loue one, yet no body loues me,  
I muse in other men what women see,

F 3

That

A pleasant Comedy of

That I so want: Ane mistress Rose was coy,  
And this too curious, oh no, she is chaff,  
And so she thinks me wanton, she denies  
To cheare my cold heart with her sunny eyes,  
Now prettily she twokes, oh pretie hand!  
Oh happy worke, it doth me good to stand.  
Unfaine to see her, thus I oft haue stood,  
In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,  
Enduring biting cold, onely to see her,  
One onely looke hath seem'd as rich to me  
As a kings crowne, such is lovers lunacy:  
Puffled I passe along, and by that try  
Whether she know me.

Iane. Sir, what ist you buy?

What ist you lacke sir: callico, or latone,  
Fine cambrick shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

Ham. What which thou wilt not sell, saith yet the try:  
How do you sell this handkercher?

Iane. Good cheape.

Ham. And how these ruffes?

Iane. Cheape too.

Ham. And how this band?

Iane. Cheape too.

Ham. All cheape, how sell you then this band?

Iane. My bands are not to be sold.

Ham. To be giuen then nay saith I come to buy.

Iane. But none knowes when.

Ham. Good sweet, leaue worke a litle while, lets play.

Iane. I cannot liue by keeping holliday.

Ham. Ile pay you for the time which shalbe lost,

Iane. Altho me you shall not be at so much cost.

Ham. Look how you wound this cloth, so you wound

Iane. It may be so.

(me.  
Ham,



10 the Gentle Craft.

Ham. Tis so.

Jane. What remedie?

Ham. May faith you are too coy.

Jane. Let goe my hand.

Ham. I will do any taske at your command,  
I would let goe this beautie, were I not  
In minde to disobey you by a power  
That controules Kings: I loue you.

Jane. So, now part.

Ham. With haues I may, but neuer with my heart,  
In faith I loue you.

Jane. I beleue you doe.

Ham. Shall a true loue in me breed hate in you?

Jane. I hate you not.

Ham. Then you must loue.

Jane. I doe, what are you better now? I loue not you.

Ham. All this I hope is but a womans fray,

That meanes, come to me, when she cries, away:

In earnest mistris I do not test,

A true chaste loue hath entred in my breast,

I loue you dearly, as I loue my life,

I loue you as a husband lones a wife,

That, and no other loue my loue requires,

Thy wealth I know is little, my desires

I thirst not for gold, sweete beauntious Jane whats mine,

Shall (if thou make my selfe thine) all be thine,

Say, Iudge, what is thy sentence, life, or death?

Percy or cruelty lyes in thy breath.

Jane. Good sir, I do beleue you loue me well:

For tis a sely conquest, sely priue,

For one like you (I meane a Gentleman)

To boast, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,

Such and such women to his auousous lure:

A pleasant Comedy of

I thinke you do not so, yet many doe,  
And make it euen a very trade to wooe,  
I could be cop, as many women be,  
Friede you with sunne-shine smiles, and wanton lokes,  
But I detest witch-craft; say that I  
Doe constantly beloeue you, constant haue.

Ham. Why wilt thou not beloeue me?

Iane. I beloeue you,

But yet god sir, because I will not graue you,  
Wilt thou hopes to taste fruite, which will neuer fall,  
In simple truth this is the summe of all,  
My husband liues, at least I hope he liues,  
Wilt thou was he to these bitter warres in France,  
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,  
I haue but one heart, and that hearts his due,  
How can I then be to the same on your  
Whilst he liues, his I line, be it nere so poore,  
And rather be his wife, then a Kings whoore.

Ham. Chaste and deare woman, I will not abuse thee,  
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me,  
Thy husband prest for France, what was his name?

Iane. Kase Dampott.

Ham. Dampott, heres a letter sent  
From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,  
A Gentleman of place, here he doth write,  
Their names that haue bene slaine in enery fight,

Iane. I hope deaths scroll containes not my lones name.

Ham. Cannot you read?

Iane. I can.

Ham. Peruse the same.  
To my remembrance such a name I read  
Amongst the rest: see here.

Iane. Ape me, has dead.

the Gentle Craft.

Was dead, if this be true my deare hearts slaine.

Ham. Have patience, deare lone.

Iane. Hence, hence.

Ham. Say sweete Iane,

Take not more sorowes growd with these rich toyes,

I mourne thy husbands death because thou mournt,

Iane. That bill is so;ge, tis signe by so;gerie.

Ham. He bying the letters sent besides to many

Carrying the like report: Iane tis too true,

Come, weeps not: mourning though it rise from lone,

Helpes not the moorned, yet hurts them that mourne.

Iane. For Gods sake leaue me,

Ham. Whether dost thou turne?

Forget the dead, lone them that are alive,

His lone is saved, try how mine will thine.

Iane. Tis now no time so; me to thinke on lous.

Ham. Tis now best time so; you to thinke on lous, because  
your lone liues not.

Ian. Though he be dead, my lone to him shal not be buried

For Gods sake leaue me to my selfe alone.

Ham. I would kil my soule to leaue the dyotund in mone:

Answer me to my sute, and I am gone,

Say to me, yea, or no,

Iane. No,

Ham. Then fare well: one fare well will not serue, I come  
again, come dye these wet cheekes, tell mee saith sweete  
Iane, yea, or no, once more.

Iane. Once more I say no, once more be gone I pray, also  
will I goe.

Ham. Say then I will grow rude by this white hand,

Until you change that colde no, here it stand,

Will by your hard heart

Iane. Say, for Gods lone peace.

## A pleasant Comedie of

My sorowes by your presence more increase,  
 Not that you thus are present, but all griefe  
 Desires to be alone, there fore in brieve  
 Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu,  
 If euer I wed man it shall be you,

Hans. Oh blessed hope, deare Jane Ile brye no more,  
 Thy breath hath made me rich.

Iane. Death makes me poore.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hodge at his shop boord, Rafe, Firke, Hans,  
 and a boy at worke.*

All. Hey downe, a downe derie.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, plie your worke to day, we  
 loptred yester day, so it pell me, that we may line to be Lord  
 Maiores, or Aldermen at least.

Firke. Hey downe a downe derie.

Hodge. Well said (saith, holm saith thou Hauns, doth not  
 Firke tickle it?

Hans. Patw mester.

Firke. Not so neither, my organe pipe squeaks (his mo-  
 ning for want of licozing: hey downe a downe derie.

Hans. Forward Firke, to w best vn lolly pongler hozt I me-  
 ster it bid yo cut me vn pair bappes boz mester leffres boots.

Hodge. Thou shalt Hauns.

Firke. Waister.

Hodge. Now now, boy?

Firke. Wap, now you are in the cutting baine, cut mee  
 out a paire of counterfeits, o; else my worke will not passe  
 current, hey downe a downe,

Hodge. Tell mee sirs, are my cousin M. Oficialles shooes  
 done?

Fyrke. Your cousin; no maister, one of your aunts, hang  
 her, let them alone.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, sirs gane charge that none  
 but

the Gentle Craft.

but I should doe them for her.

Firke. Thou do for her: then it will be a lame doing, and that she loues not: Rafe, thou might'st haue sent her to me, in faith I would haue yeart and first your Whiffles, beydowne a drowne deery, this gear will not hold.

Hoge. How saist thou Firke: were we not merry at old-Fair?

Firke. How merry: why our buttocks went jiggy joggy like a quagmire: wel Sir Roger Datemeale, if I thought al meale of that nature, I would eate nothing but bagyn-dings.

Rafe. Of al god fortunes, my fellows Vance had the best.

Firke. 'Tis true, because mistress Rose dyanke to him.

Hodge. Wel, wel, wo'ke apace, they say seuen of the Aldermen be dead, or very sicke.

Firke. I care not, He be none.

Rafe. No nor I, but then my W. Cyte will come quickly to be L. Mayor. Enter Sibill,

Firke. Whope poulder comes Sibill.

Hodge. Sibill, welcoms ifaith, and how dost thou madder wench?

Firke. Sib whope, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy sweet Firke: god Lord Hodge, what a delittious shop you haue got, you tickle it ifaith.

Rafe. God a mercy Sibill for our good chere at old Foyd.

Sibill. That you shall haue Rafe.

Firke. Say by the mass, we had tickling chere Sibill, and how the plague dost thou and mistress Rose, and my W. Mayor: I put the woman in first.

Sibill. Wel Godamercy: but Gods mo, I forget my selfe, wherof Vance the Fleminge.

Firke. Thanks butter-dore, now you must help out some spoken.

A pleasant Comedie of

Hans. That bragsie gon bat bod gon frister  
Sibill. Warry pon must come to my pong mistress, to pull  
on her shoes you made last.

Hans. War ben your egle fre, hare ben your mistress  
Sibill. Warry here at our London house in Cornewalle  
Firke. Will no body serue her turne but Hans?

Sibill. No sir, come Hans I stand vpon needles,  
Hog: Why then Sibill, take heed of pricking,

Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a trick in my bod-  
get, come Hans.

Hans. Ha, ra, ra, icfall miere yo gane.

*Exit Hans and Sibill.*

Hog. Go Hans, make hast againe: come, who lacks  
woke?

Firke. I master, for I lache my bzeake fast, tis munching  
time, and past.

Hodg. Is so why then leane woke kaph, to bzeakfast,  
boy loke to the tooles, come kafe, come firke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Seruingman.*

Ser. Let me see now, the signe of the last in Towerstreet,  
mas ponders the house: what hats, whooes within?

*Enter Raph.*

Raph. Who calles there, what want you sir?

Ser. Warry I would haue a paire of shoes made for a  
Gentlewoman against to morrow morning, what can you  
do them?

Raph. Yes sir, you shall haue them, but what lengt he her  
foote.

Ser. Why, you must make them in all parts like this  
shoe, but at any hand faile not to do them, for the Gentle-  
woman is to be married very early in the morning.

Raph.

the Gentle Craft.

Raph. How by this shoe must it be made: by this, are you sure sir by this.

Ser. How, by this am I sure, by this art thou in thy twist? I tell thee I must have a paire of shoes, dost thou mark me a paire of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to morrow morning by foure a clock, dost thou understand me, canst do it?

Raph. Yes sir, yes. I, I, I can do't, by this shoe you say. I should know this shoe: yes sir, yes, by this shoe. I can do't, foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watlingstreet, enquire for one Maister Hamon a gentleman my maister.

Raph. Yes sir, by this shoe you say.

Ser. I say Maister Hammon at the golden ball, he's the Bidegrome, and those shoes are for his bride.

Raph. They shall be done by this shoe: well, well, Maister Hammon at the golden shoe, I would say the golden Ball, very wel, very wel, but I pray you sir where must maister Hammon be married?

Ser. At Saint Faiths Church under Panles: but whats that to thee? prethe dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.

Raph. By this shoe said be, how am I amold, At this strange accident? upon my life, This was the very shoe I gave my wife, When I was prest for France, since when alway, I neuer could heare of her, it is the same, And Hammons Bride no other but my Jane.

Enter Firke.

Firke. Good day, how dost thou? I have brought thee a country man of mine gave me to breakst.

C 3

Raph.

# A pleasant Comedie of

Rafe. I care not: I haue found a better thing,  
 Firke. A thing & away, is it a mans thing, or a womans  
 thing?

Rafe. Firke, dost thou know this thowe?

Firke. So by my troth, neither doth that know me: I  
 haue no acquaintance with it, tis a mere stranger to me.

Rafe. Why then I do, this thowe I durst be sworne  
 Once couered the inslop of my Jane:

This is her eye, her breadth, thus trod my lone,

These true lone knots I pycht, I hold my life.

By this old thowe I shall find out my wife.

Firke. Ha ha old thow, that wert new, how a murren came  
 this agone fit of foolishness upon thee?

Rafe. Thus Firke, such a new here came a learning man,  
 By this thows would he haue a new paire made,

Against to morrow morning to his mistress,

Thers to be married to a Gentleman,

And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

Firke. And why may not thou be my sweete Rafe, ha.

Rafe. Well laugh, and spare not but the truth is this,

Against to morrow morning he proude,

A luscie crue of honest shamblers,

To watch the going of the byles to Church,

If the proue Jane, he take her to his wife,

From Hammon and the diuell, were he by.

If it be not my Jane, I will be woe.

Verre of am I sure I will be woe,

Although I neuer see my woman no.

Fir. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cris-

ple gates! Well, God sende soles fortune, and it may be he

may light upon his matrimony by such a diuice; for wed-

ding and hanging, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

such a thing, such a thing, such a thing, such a thing,

Enter



the Gentle Craft,

*Enter Hans, and Rose arme in arme.*

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee,  
Oh I did feare such crosse mishaps did reign,  
That I should neuer see my Rose againe.

Rose. Swaite Lacie, since faire Opportunity  
Offers her selfe to furder our escape,  
Let not too ouer-sond esteeme of me,  
Hinder that happy holper, in want the meales,  
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh how I surfeit with excesses of ioy,  
Made happy by thy rich persuasion,  
But since thou paine sweetest iustifi to my hopes,  
Redoubling lone on lone, let me saye more,  
Like to a bold sac'd debter crane of thee,  
This night to steale aboard, and at Cyres house,  
Who now by death of certayne Aldermen,  
Is Maior of London, and my maister once,  
Wate thou thy Lacie, where in spite of change,  
Your fathers anger, and mine vncles hate,  
Our happy nuptials will me consummate.

*Enter Sybil.*

Sibil. Oh God, what will you do mistris? Shift for your  
selfe, your father is at hand, hes comming, hes comming.  
maister Lacie hide your selfe in my mistris, for Gods sake  
Shift for your selues.

Hans. Your father come, swaite Rose, what shall I doe?  
Where shall I hide mer how shall I escape?

Rose. A man and want tolt in extremitie,  
Come, come, be Hauens still, play the Thowmaker,  
Pull on my shoe.

*Enter Lord Mayor.*

Hans. Was, and thats well remembred.

Sibil. Were comes your father.

Hans

A pleasant Comedie of

Hans, For ware metresse, tis bn god shoo, if sal bel dnte,  
as ye sal nett betallen.

Rose. Oh God it pincheth me, what will you doe?

Hans Your fathers presence pincheth, not the shoo.

L.Mai. Well done, sit my daughter well, and thee shall  
please the well.

Hans. Paw, paw, ick weest dat well, for ware tis bn god  
shoo, tis gi mait dan netts leetther, so ener mine here.

*Enter a Prentise.*

L.Mai. I do beleue it, whats the netwes with you?

Prent. Please you, the Earle of Lincolne at the gate is  
newly lighted, and would speake with you.

L.Mai. The Earle of Lincolne come speake with me.

Well, well, I know his errand: daughter Rose,  
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, haue done:  
Sib, make things handsome: sir boy follow me.

*Exit.*

Han. Fine dwels come, oh what may this portend?  
Sweete Rose, this of our loue sh; eatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismayd at this what ere befall,  
Rose is thine owne, to witnesse I speake truth,  
Where thou appoints the place, Ile mate with the,  
I will not lye a day to follow the,  
But presently deale hence, do not replee.  
Loue which gaue strength to beare my fathers hate,  
Shall now adde wings to further our escape.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Maior, and Lincolne.*

L.Mai. Beleue me, on my credit I speake truth,  
Since first your nephew Lacie went to France,  
I haue not sene him. It seemd strange to me,  
When Dodger told me that he staid behinds,

*Neglecting*

the Gentle Craft.

Neglecting the high charge the King imposed.

Lin. Trust me (Sir Roger Otley) I do thinke  
Your counsell had giuen head to this attempt,  
Where to it by the lous he beares your child,  
Here I did hope to find him in your house,  
But now I see mine error, and confesse  
My iudgement wzongd you by concealing so.

L. Mai. Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my Lord,  
I loue your Nephew Lacie too too dearely  
So much to wzong his honoz, and he hath done so,  
That first gaue him aduise to stay from France.  
To witnesse I speake truth, I let you know  
How care full I haue bene to keepe my daughtew  
Free from all conference, oz speech of him,  
Not that I scozne your Nephew, but in lous  
I beare your honoz, least your noble blood,  
Should by my meane wzorth be dishonoured.

Lin. How far the churles tongue wanders from his hart,  
Well, well Sir Roger Otley I beleue you,  
With moze then many thanks for the kind loue  
So much you seeme to beare me: but my Lord,  
Let me request your helpe to seek my Nephew,  
Whom if I find, He straight embarks for France,  
So shall my Rose be free, your thoughtes at rest,  
And much care die which now lies in my brest. Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh Lord, help so; Gods spake, my mistress, oh my  
young mistress.

L. Mai. Where is thy mistress? whats become of her?

Sibill. Shes gone, shes fled.

L. Ma. Gone? whither is she fled?

Sibill. I know not so soothly, shes fled out of doores with  
Hauens the Shoemaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace,  
apace.

¶

L. Mai.

A pleasant Comedie of

L. Maior. Which way? what John, where be my men?  
which way?

Sibil. I know not, and it please your worship.

L. Maior. Fled with a shoemaker, can this be true?

Sibil. Oh Lord sir, as true as Gods in heauen.

Linc. Her loue turnd shoemaker? I am glad of this.

L. Maior. A stemming butter-bore, a shoemaker,  
Will she forget her birth? requite my care  
With such ingratitude? scound the yong Hammon,  
To loue a honnakin, a needie knaue?  
Well let her file, Ile not file after her,  
Let her starue if she will, shes none of mine.

Linc. Be not so cruell sir.

*Enter Firke with shoes.*

Sibil. I am glad shes scapt.

L. Mai. Ile not account of her as of my child:

Was there no better obiect for her eyes,  
But a soule drunken lubber swill belly,  
A shoemaker, that's byane.

Firke. Hea say sooth, tis a very byane shoe, and as fit as a  
pudding.

L. Mai. What now, what knaue is this, from whence com-  
est thou?

Firke. So knaue sir, I am Firke the shoemaker, lusty Ro-  
gers chiefe lassy journeyman, and I come hither to take up  
the pretty legge of sweete mistress Rose, and thus hoping  
your worship is in as good health as I was at the making  
hereof, I bid you farewell, yours, *Firke.*

L. Mai. Stay, stay, sir knaue.

Linc. Come hither shoemaker.

Firke. Tis happy the knaue is put before the shoemaker,  
or else I would not haue hauchlasted to come back to you, I  
am nised, sir, I sir re.

*Exit Firke.*

L. Mai.

# the Gentle Craft.

L. Maior. My Lord, this villaine calles vs knaues by craft.

Firke. Then tis by the Gentle Craft, and to cal one knaue gently, is no harme: sit your worship merry: With your pong mistris He so bob them, now my master W. Cyke is Lord Mayor of London.

L. Maior. Tell me sirra, whoes man are you?

Firke. I am glad to see your worship so merry, I haue no malice to this yere, no stomache as yet to red peticote.

## Poynting to Sibil.

Lin. He meanes not sir to loue you to his maid,  
But onely both demand whose man you are.

Firke. I sing now to the tune of Rogero, Roger my felow  
is now my master.

Lin. Sirra, knowst thou one Hauns a shomaker?

Firke. Hauns shomaker, oh yes, stay, yes I haue him, I tell you what, I speake it in secret, mistris Rose and he are by this time: no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another with, can you dance the Waking of the Shutes: it is that Hauns, He so gull these diggers.

L. Ma. Knowst thou then where he is?

Firke. Yes forsooth, yea marry.

Lin. Canst thou in sadnesse?

Firke. No forsooth, no marry.

L. Ma. Tell me good honest fellows where he is,  
And thou shalt see what He bestow of thee,

Firke. Honest fellows, no sir, not so sir, my profession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for sitting, I loue sitting, let me sale it here, *aurum tenuis*, ten pecies of gold, *genuum tenuis*, ten pecies of silver, and then Firke is your man in a new paire of stretchers.

A pleasant Comedie of

L. Maior. Here is an Angell, part of thy reward,  
Which I will giue thee, tell me where he is.

Firke. No point shal I betray my brother: no, shal I proue  
Iudas to Hans? no, shal I cry treason to my corporation?  
no, I shall be sickt and perkt then, but giue me your angell,  
your angell shal tell you.

Lin. Doe so good fellow, tis no hurt to thee,

Firke. Send smpering Sib away.

L. Maior. Huswife, get you in.

*Exit Sib,*

Firke. Witches haue eares, and maides haue wide  
mouthes: but for Hauns pzauns, vpon my word to morrow  
morning, he and young mistris Rose goe to this gære, they  
shall be married together, by this rush, or else tourne Firke  
to a skin of butter to tanne leather withall.

L. Maior. But art thou sure of this?

Firke. Am I sure that Daules steeple is a handfull higher  
then London steeple? or that the pissing conduit leakes  
nothing but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lesly  
Firke, Gods nailes do you thinke I am so base to Cull  
you?

Lin. Where are they married dost thou know the  
Church.

Firke. I neuer goe to church, but I know the name of it,  
it is a swearing church, stay a while, tis: I by the mas, no,  
no tis I by my troth, no no; that, tis I by my faith, that that  
tis I by my faithes church vnder Daules crosse, there they  
shall bee hilt like a paire stockings in matrimony, there  
theile be in cony.

Lin. Vpon my life, my Nephew Lacy walks,  
in the disguise of this Dutch speaker.

Firke.



## A pleasant Comedy of

to marry a gentleman, and then haile stop her in stead of his  
daughter: oh haue there will be fine tickling sport: soft now  
what haue I to doe: oh I knowe now a melle of the makers  
meate at the wail sack in Iule lan, to rozen my gentleman  
of lame Kates wife, thats true, alaske, alacke girls, hold  
out sacke, so; now smokes, so; this tumbling shall goe to  
wacke.

*Exit.*

*Enter Ayre, his Wif, Hanns, and Rose.*

Ayre. This is the morning then, stay my bully, my ho-  
nost Hanns, is it not?

Hanns. This is the morning that must make vs two hap-  
py, or miserable, therefore if you.---

Ayre. A way with these isles and ands Hanns, and these  
et ceteras, by mine hono; Rowland Lacie none but the king  
shall wrong the: come, feare nothing, am not I Sim Eyre  
Is not Sim Eyre Lord mayo; of London: feare nothing  
Rose, let them al say what they can, daunte come thou to me  
laughest thou?

Wife, God my Lord, stand her friend in what thing you  
may.

Eeyr. Why my sweet lady Padgy, thinke you Simon  
Eyre can forget his fine dutch Journeyman? No bah. Pie  
I sco; as it shall neuer be cast in my teeth, that I was un-  
thankful. Lady Padgy thou hadst neuer covered thy Sa-  
racens head with this french flapper: ner loaden thy bumme  
with this farthingale, tis trash, trumpery, banity. Simon  
Eyre had neuer walke in a reade petticoat, nor wore a  
chaine of goulde, but for my fine Journeymans postigues,  
and shall I leane him: No: Wince am I none, yet beare a  
pyncely mind.

Hann, My Lord, tis time so; vs to part from hence.

Ayre.



the Gentle Craft.

Eyre. Lady *Spagy*, lady *Spagy*, take five or thize of my  
ple-crust eaters, my buffe-terkin bawlets, that doe walke in  
blacke gownes at *Simon Cyre* heeles, take them good la-  
dy *Spagy*, trippe and goe, my browne *Andene* of *Perri-*  
*twigs*, with my delicate *Rose*, and my lolly *Kotoland* to  
the *Sauoy*, see them lincke, countenance the marriage,  
and when it is done, cling, cling together, you *Dambayola*  
*Turtle Doves*, He beare you out, come to *Simon Cyre*,  
come dwell with me *Hanns*, thou shalt eate mince pyes,  
and marchpane. *Rose*, alway cricket, trippe and goe, my  
Lady *Spagy* to the *Sauoy*, *Hanns*, wed, and to bed, kisse  
and away, go, banish.

Wife. Farewell my Lord.

*Rose*. Make hast swete loue.

Wife. Whede saue the deed were done.

*Hans*. Come my swete *Rose*, faster than *Dere* wheels  
runne.

*They go out.*

Eyre. Goe, banish, banish, auant I say: by the lord of  
*Redgate*, it's a madde life to be a Lord *Spagy*, it's a stir-  
ring life, a fine life, a beluet life, a carefull life. Well  
*Simon Cyre*, yet set a good face on it, in the honoz of saint  
*Hugh*. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with mee, to  
see my new buildings, his maiesty is welcome, he shal haue  
good chere, delicate chere, princely chere. This day my se-  
low pientises of London come to dine with me to, they shal  
haue fine chere, gentlemanlike chere. I promised the mad  
*Cappadossians*, when we al serued at the Conduit together,  
that if euer I came to be *Spagy* of London, I would feast  
them all, and He doot, He doot by the life of *Wharab*, by  
this beard *Dim Cire* will be no finisher. Wellbes, I haue  
procured, that vpon every *Whonetuesday*, at the sound  
of

of

# A pleasant Comedy of

of the pancake bell: my fine dapper Assyrian lads, shall clap  
by their shop windows, and away, this is the day, and this  
day they shall dot, they shall dot: boys, that day are you  
free, let masters care, and pzentises shall pray for Symon  
Cpze.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and five or six shoemakers,  
all with cudgels, or such weapons.*

Hodge. Come Rafe, stand to it Firke: my masters, as we  
are the byane bloods of the shoemakers, heires apparant to  
saint Hugh, and perpetuall benefactors to all god fellows: thou shalt haue no wrong, were Hammon a king of spades,  
he should not delue in thy close without thy sufferance: but  
tell me Rafe, art thou sure tis thy wife?

Rafe. Am I sure this is Firke? This morning when I  
strokte on her shyes, I lookt vpon her, and she vpon me, and  
sighd, askt me if euer I knew one Rafe. Yes sayd I: for  
his sake said she (teares standing in her eyes) and for thou  
art somewhat like him, spend this peece of golde: I take it:  
my lame leg, and my trauel beyond sea made me unknown,  
all is one for that, I know thés mine.

Firke. Did she giue thée this gold? O glorious glittering  
gold; thés thine owne, tis thy wife. and she lonés thée, for  
Ile stand toot, there's no woman wil giue gold to any man,  
but she thinks better of him than shee thinks of them shee  
giuesouer to: and for Hamon, neither Hamon nor Wang-  
man shall wrong thée in London: Is not our olde spaiſter  
Cpze Lord Papoz? Speake my hearts.

All, Yes, and Hamon shall know it to his cost.

*Enter Hamon his man, Jane, and others,*

Hodge. Peace my bullies, ponder they come.

Rafe. Stand toot my hearts, Firke, let me speake first.

Hodge. No Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so  
earely?

Ham

the Gentle Craft.

Ham. Unmannerly rude slave, whats that to thee?  
 Firke. To him sir? yes sir, and to me, and others: god mo-  
 row Jane, how doest thou? good Lord, how the world is  
 charged with you, God be thanked.

Hamon. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my  
 love?

Al. Villaines? do youe with them, cry cloke for pzentiles.

Hod. Hold my hearts: touch her Hamon: yea and more  
 then that, wile carry her away with vs. My maisters and  
 Gentlemen, neuer draw your bird spittes, shomakers are  
 Steele to the back, men every inch of them, all spirit.

All of Hamons side. Well, and what of all this?

Hodge. He shew you: Jane, dost thou know this man?  
 tis Rafe I can tell thee: nay, tis he in faith, though hee be  
 lamde by the warres, yet looke not strange, but run to him,  
 fold him about the neck and kisse him.

Jane. LIVES then my husband? oh God let me go,  
 Let me embrace my Rafe.

Ham. What means my Jane?

Jane. Nay, what meant you to tell me he was slaine?

Ham. Pardon me deare love for being misled,  
 Twas rumord here in London thou wert dead.

Firke. Thou seest hee lues: I asse, goe packe home with  
 him: now M. Hamon, wheres your mistress your wife?

Seru. Swounds M. sight for her, will you thus lose her?

All. Do youe with that creature, clude, do youe with him.

Hodge. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold fast, sirs he shall do no wrong,  
 Till my Jane leane me thus, and bzeake her faith?

Firke. Yea sir, she must sir, she shal sir, what then: mend it.

Hodge. Hearle fellow Rafe, solowe my counsell, set the  
 twench in the midst, and let her chuse her man, and let her be  
 his woman.

## A pleasant Comedie of

Jane. Whom should I chuse? Whom should my thoughts  
But him whom heauen hath made to be my loue, (affra?  
Thou art my husband, and these humble weedes,  
Makes thee more beautifull then all his wealth,  
Therefore I will but put off his attire,  
Returning it into the owners hand,  
And after euer be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a ragge Jane, the law's on our side, he that  
sowes in another mans ground sowes his harvest, get thee  
home Kate, follow him Jane, he shall not haue so much as a  
buske point from thee.

Firke. Stand to that Kate, the appurtenances are thine  
alone, Hammon, looke not at her.

Ser. A swounds no.

Firke. Blew coate be quiet, wile giue you a new lincerie  
ell, wile make Shrove Tuesday Saint Georges day for  
you: looke not Hammon, leaue not, Ile Firke you, for thy  
head now, one glance, one wepes eye, any thing at her,  
touch not a ragge, leaue I and my brethren beate you to  
clothes.

Ser. Come master Hammon, theres no strking here.

Ham. God sell dwes, heare me speake: and honest Kate,  
Whom I haue injured most by louing Jane,  
Marke what I offer thee: here in faire gold  
Is twenty pound, Ile giue it for thy Jane,  
If this content thee not, thou shalt haue more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wise Kate, make her not a whoze.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claime in her,  
And let her be my wife?

Al. No, no not Kate.

Kate. Sirra Hammon Hammon, dost thou thinke a  
Shoe-maker is so base, to bee a balde to his owne  
wife for commoditie, take thy golde, choake with it, were

To the Gentle Gentle A

I not lame, I would make the rate the more, I not lame  
 Firke, A Whomaker sell his fish and blond, oh indignity!  
 Hod. Serra, take up your pelfe, and be packing;  
 Ham. I will not touch one penny, but in lieto,  
 Of that great wrong I offered the Jane,  
 To Jane and this I give that twenty pound,  
 Since I have faild of her, during my life,  
 I bow no woman else shall be my wife;  
 Farwell god selloes of the Gentle trade.  
 Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made, Exit.  
 Firke. Touch the gold creature if you dare, yare best be  
 trading: here Jane take thou it, now lets home my harts.  
 Hodge. Stay, who comes here? Jane, on againe with thy  
 maske.

Enter Lincolne, L. Maior, and seruants.

Linc. Pounders the lying barlet mocht vs fo.

L. Maior. Come hithe; Serra,

Firke. I sir, I am Serra, you meane me, do you not?

Linc. Where is my Nephew married?

Firke. Is he married? God giue him joy, I am glad of it:  
 they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good planet. Pars  
 in Venus.

L. Mai. Villaine, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose;  
 This morning should be married at Saint Faithes,  
 We haue watcht there these three houres at the least, I  
 yet see we no such thinge.

Firke. Truly I am sorry for't, a Brides a pretty thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose, youder's the Bride and  
 Bidegrooms you looke for; I hope though you be a lorde,  
 you are not to barre, by your authority, men from women;  
 are you?

L. Ma. See see my daughters maske,

Linc. True, and my Nephew.

A pleasant Comedie of

**To** hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Fir. **Pea** truly God helpe the poore couple, they are lame

L. Ma. **He** raise her blindnesse.

(and blind.

Lin. **He** his lamenesse cures.

Fir. **Lie** downe Mrs, and laugh, my selow Kaph is taken  
for Rowland Lacy, and **Jane** for mistris damaske rose, this  
is all my knauery.

L. Maio. **What** haue I sound you intion?

Linc. **O** base wretch,

**May** hide thy face, the hony of thy guilt,

**Can** hardly be washt off: where are thy powers?

**What** battels haue you made? **O** yes I see,

**You** foughtst with shame, and shame hath conquerd thee

**This** lamenesse will not serue.

L. Ma. **Damaske** your selfe,

Lin. **Leade** home your daughter.

L. Maio. **Take** your Nephew hence.

Rafe. **Hence** swounds, what meane you: are you mad? I  
hope you cannot inforce my wife from me, where Hammon:

L. Maio. **Your** wife,

Lin. **What** Hammon:

Rafe. **Pea** my wife, and therfore the yondest of you that  
laies hands on her first, ile lay my cruch crosse his pate.

Firk. **To** him lame Rafe, heres braue sport.

Rafe. **Rose** call you her? why her name is Jane, where  
here else, do you know her now?

Lin. **Is** this your daughter?

L. Maio. **No, no;** this your Nephew:

**My** Lord of Lincolne, we are both abusd.

**By** this base crafty varlet.

Firk. **Pea** so; so; no varlet, so; so; no base, so; so; I am  
but meane, no crafty neyther, but of the Gentle Craft.

L. Ma. **Where** is my daughter Rose? where is my child?

Lin.

the Gentle Craft,

Lin. Where is my Nephew Lacy married?

Firke. Why here is good laced mutton as I promise you,

Lin. Willaine, He haue the punisht for this wrong,

Firke. Punish the isaynman willaine, but not the isayn-  
man Shomaker.

*Enter Dodger.*

Dodger. My Lord I come to bring unwelcome newes,

Your Nephew Lacy, and your daughter Rose,

Carely this morning wedded at the Banop,

None being present but the Lady Pairste:

Besides I learnt among the officers,

The Lord Pato; bowes to stand in their defence,

Gaius any that shall sake to cross the match.

Lin. Dares Eye the Shomaker uphold the deed?

Fir. Yes Sir Shomakers dare stand in a womans quarrel  
I warrant you, as depe as another and deeper to.

Dod. Besides, his grace, to day dines with the Pato;

Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,

And beg a pardon for your Nephews fault.

Lin. But ile prevent him come Sir Roger Steele;

The king will doe vs iustice in this cause,

How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,

I will disloyne the match, or lose my life.

*Exeunt.*

Firke, Adue monsieur Dodger, farewell soles, ha ha,

Oh if they had staib I would haue so lambe them with

floutes: O heart, my bodys point is ready to fly in peeces

euery time I thinke vpon mistris Rose, but let that passe, as

my Lady Pairste saies,

Hodge, This matter is answerd: come Rose, home with

thy wife, come my fine Shomakers, lets to our masters the

new lord Pato; and ther swagger this Spone Tuesday, ile

promise you wine enough, for Padge kapes the seller,

All. O rare! Padge is a good wench,

Firke, And ile promise you meate enough, for Ampling

## A pleasant Comedie of

Susan keeps the larder, He lead you to victuals my house  
soldiers, follow your captain, O house, heark, heark.

*Bell rings.*

All. The Pancake bell rings, the pancake bal, tri-lill my  
hearts.

Firke. O house, oh sweet bell, O delicate pancakes, o-  
pen the dore my hearts, and shut up the windows, keepe  
in the house, let out the pancakes, oh rare my hearts, lets  
march together for the howl of O. High to the great new  
hall in Gracious streets corner, which our Maister the new  
Lord Maior hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord  
Maiors cost to day!

Hodge. By the Lord, my Lord Maior is a most house  
man, how shall prentises be bound to pay for him, and the  
honour of the Gentlemen Shoemakers? lets fade and be fat  
with my Lordes bounty.

Fir. O musical bal still O Hodge. O my brethren! theres  
cheere for the heavens, howson parties walke up and downe  
piping hote, like sergeants at heafe and howell comes mar-  
ching in, pyles of tates, fritters and pancakes come trotting  
in wheele barrowes, hennes and oranges hopping in por-  
ters baskets, collobbes and eggs in settles, and tates and  
castardes comes quarrelling in want shoules.

*Enter more Prentises.*

All. Whoop, looke here.

Hodge. How now mad lads, whether away so fast:

Prent. Whether, why to the great new hall, know you  
not why? the Lord Maior hath hidden all the prentises in  
London rown hall this morning.

All. O house shoemaker, oh house Lord of incomprehen-  
sible good fellowship, whoo, heark you, the pancake bell  
rings.

*Cast up caps,*

Firke,



the Gentle Craft.

Fyrke. *How more my hearts, every without say is our  
père of Jubile: and when the pancake bel rings, we are as  
free as my lord Spaloz, we may shut vp our shops, and make  
holiday: He haue it calld, Saint Hughes Holiday.*

All. *Agreed, agreed, Saint Hughes Holiday.*

Hodge. *And this shall continue for ever.*

All. *Oh bzaue! come come my hearts, away away.*

Firke. *Eternall credit to vs of the gentle Craft, march  
faire my hearts, oh rate,* *Exeunt.*

*Enter King and his traine ouer the stage.*

King. *Is our Lord Spaloz of London such a gallant &  
Noble man. One of the merriest mad-caps in your land,  
Your Grace will thinke, when you behold the man,  
Hes rather a wilde ruffin than a Spaloz:  
Yet thus much He ensure your patience,  
In all his attens that concerne his state,  
He is as serious, prouident, and wise,  
As full of gravity amongst the graus,  
As any Spaloz hath bene these many yeares.*

King. *I am with child till I behold this huffe cap,  
But all my doubt is, when we come in presence,  
His madnesse will be dasht cleane out of countenance.*

Nobleman. *It may be so, my Liege.*

King. *With ich to present,  
Let some one giue him notice, tis our pleasure,  
That he put on his wonted metrimēt:  
Set forward.* *All. On aloze.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Eyre, Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and other shoemakers,  
all with napkins on their shoulders.*

Eyre. *Come my fine Hodge, my tolly gentlemen Shoma-  
kers, soft, where be these Caribolles, these varlets my offi-  
cers, let them al walke and walte vpon my brethren, for my  
meaning is, that none but Shomakers, none but the livery  
of*

## A pleasant Comedie of

of my Company shall in their sattin hoods walke vpon the  
trencher of my Soueraigne.

Firke. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. No more Firke, come liuely, let your fellowe prentises want no chere, let wine be plentiful as beere, and beere as water, hang these penning pinching fathers, that cramme wealth in innocent lambe skinner, rip knaves, auant, looke to my guests.

Hodge. My Lord, we are at our twigs end for recome, those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then comer mee those hundred tables againe, and againe, till all my folly prentises be seased: anoyde Hodge, runne Rafe, strike about my nimble Firke, carrowle me some healths to the honoz of the thoomakers: do they drink liuely Hodge? do they tickle it Firke?

Firke. Tickle it? some of them haue taken their licour standing so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meate, they would eate it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meate? wheres this swag belly, this greasie kitchin staffe cooke, call the barlet to me: want meate! Firke, Hodge, lams Rafe, runne my tall men, beleager the Hambleys, beggar al Call-Cheaps, serue me whole Dren in chargers, and let sharpe whine vpon the tables like pigges for want of good felowes to eate them. Want meate! vanissh Firke, auant Hodge.

Hodge. Your lordship mistakes my man Firke, he means their bellies want meate, not the boozes, for they haue drunk so much they can eate nothing.

*Enter Hans, Rafe, and Wife.*

Wife. Where is my Lord?

Eyre. Not now lady Gadgy.

Wife. The kings most excellent maiesty is new come, he sends me for thy honoz: one of his most worshipful Wares,  
bade

the Gentle Craft.

bad me tel thou must be merry, and so forth: but let that passe.

Eyre. Is my Soueraigne come? banish my tall thoma  
heers, my nimble hethzen, loke to my guests the prentises:  
pet stay a little, how now Hans, how lokes my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me,  
I know your honoz easily may obtaine,  
Free pardon of the King for me and Rose,  
And reconcile me to my bacles grace.

Eyre. Haue done my good Hans, my honest loynepman,  
loke cherep, Ile fall vpon both my knees till they bee as  
hard as doyme, but Ile get thy pardon.

Wife. Good my Lord haue a care what you speake to  
his grace.

Eyre. Away you Illington whitepot, hence you hap  
perarle, you barley pudding ful of magots, you bapld carbo  
nado, anaunt, anaunt, an othe spephostophilus: shall Sim  
Cye leaue to speake of you Lady Padgie? banish mother  
Spinener cap, banish, goe, trip and goe, meddle with your  
partlets, and your pishery pastherie, your selues and your  
whirligigs, go rub, out of mine alley: Sim Cye knowes  
how to speake to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tambur  
laine and he were here: and shall I melt that I doope be  
foze my Soueraigne? no, come my Lady Padgie, follow  
me hauns, about your businesse my strollick free-booters:  
Strike, strike about, and about, and about, for the honour of  
mad Simon Cye Lord Mayor of London.

Firk. Dep for the honour of the shoemakers. *Exeunt.*  
Along flourish or two: enter King, Nobles, Eyre, his wife, Lacy,

Rose: Lacie and Rose kneele.

King. Well Lacie, though the fact was very foule,  
Of your revolting from our kingly loue,  
And your owne duty, yet we pardon you,  
Kisse both, and mistress Lacie, thanke my Lord Mayors

A pleasant Comedie of

For your pong hydegroms here.

Eyre. So my deere liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the gentlemen shoemakers shal set your sweet maiesties image, cheeke by toole by Saint Hugh, for this honour you haue done poore Simon Eyre. I beseech your grace pardon my rude behauiour. I am a hand-crafts man, yet my heart is without craft, I would bee soye at my soule, that my boldnesse should offend my King.

King. Nay, I pray the good lord spalo, be euen as merry as if thou wert among thy shoemakers;  
It does me good to see the in this humour.

Eyre. Wast thou me so my sweet Dioclesian? then hump, Prince am I none, yet am I princely borne, by the Lord of Ludgate my Liege, Ile be as merry as a pig.

King. Tell me insaith mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My Liege a very boy, a stripling, a ponker you see not a white haire on my head, not a gray in this beard, euery daye I assure thy Maestie that wicks in this beard, Sim Eyre values at the king of Babylons ransom, Tamar Chams beard was a rubbing brush too: yet Ile shawe it off, and stuffe tennis balls with it to please my bully king.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My liege, I am fixe and fiftie yeare olde, yet I can cris hump, with a sound heart for the honour of Saint Hugh: marke this olde wench, my King, I dannede the shaking of the shertes with her fire and thirtie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to get two or thre young Lord Spapors ere I dye: I am lustie still, Sim Eyre still: care, and colde lodging brings white hayres. My swete Maestie, let care banish, cast it vpon thy Nobles, it will make the looke alwayes young like Apollo, and crye hump: Prince am I none, yet am I

the Gentle Craft.

I princely bores.

King. Haba: saye Cornetwall, dost thou euer see his  
liker?

Noble. Not I my Lord.

*Enter Lincolne and Lord Maior.*

King. Lincolne, what newes with you?  
Linc. My gracions Lord, haue care vnto your selfe,  
For there are traytors here.

All. Traytors, wheres wher

Eyre. Traytors in my house? God sa: his, wher be my of  
ficers? He spend my soule ere my King take harme.

King. Where is the traytor? Lincolne.

Linc. Here he stands.

King. Cornetwall, lay hold on Lac: Lincolne, speake  
What canst thou lay vnto thy Nephewes charge?

Linc. This my dære liege: your grace to do me honor.  
Heapt on the head of this degenerous boy,  
Desertlesse favors, you made chosse of him,  
To be commander ouer powers in France,  
But he.

King. God Lincolne pethis patise a while,  
Euen in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speake,  
I know how Lac did neglect our loue,  
Kanne himselfe deeply (in the highest degree)  
Into this treason.

Linc. Is he not a traytor?

King. Lincolne, he was not: haue mee pardoned him,  
It was not a base want of true honors fire.  
That held him out of France, but loues desire.

Linc. I will not beare his shame vpon my backe,

King. No: shalt thou Lincolne, I forgive you both.

R. 2

Linc.

A pleasant Comedie of

Lin. Then good my liege) forbid the boy to wed,  
One, whose meane birth will much disgrace his bed.

Kin. Are they not married?

Lin. No my Liege.

Both. We are.

Kin. Shall I disioyce them them: O be it farre,  
That any hand on earth should dare vnty,  
The sacred knot knit by Gods maiesty,  
I would not so; my crowne disloyne their hands,  
That are conioyned in holy nuptiall bands,  
How saist thou Larc? wouldst thou loose thy Rose?

Hans. Not for all Indians wealth: my soueraigne.

Kin. But Rose I am sure her Lacie would forgoe.

Rose. If Rose were askt that question, she'd say, no.

Kin. You heare then Lincolne,

Lin. Yes my liege, I doe.

Kin. Yet canst thou find it heart to part these two?  
Who sekes, besides you, to disioyse these louers?

L. Ma. I do (my gracious Lord) I am her father.

Lin. Sir Roger Moteley, our last Maior I thinke,

Nob. The same my liege.

Kin. Would you offend Loues lawes?

Tell you shall haue your wills, you sue to me,  
Do prohibite the match: Soft, let me see,  
You both are married, Lacie, art thou not?

Hans. I am, deare Soueraigne.

Kin. Then vpon thy life,

I charge thee, not to call this woman wife,

L. Maio. I thanke your grace.

Rose. O my most gracious Lord,

Kin. Say Rose, neuer was me, I tell you true,  
Although as yet I am a batchello,  
Yet I beleeue I shall not marry you.

*kneels.*

Rose.

the Gentle Craft.

Rose. Can you diuide the body from the soule,  
Yet make the body liue?

Kin. Yea, so profounde

I cannot Rose, but you I must diuide,  
Fairst maid, this hydegrome cannot be your hyde,  
Are you pleas'd Lincolne? Orleyp, are you pleas'd?

Both. Yes my Lord.

Lin. Then must my heart be ead,  
For credit me, my conscience liues in paine,  
Till these whom I deuorced be toynd againe,  
Lucy, giue me thy hand, Rose, lend me thine.  
Be what you would be: kisse now so, thats fine;  
At night (louers) to bed: now let me see,  
Which of you all mislikes this harmonye

L. Ma. Will you then take from me my child perforce?

Kin. Why tell me Orleyp, shines not Lucies name,  
As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames,  
Of any citizen?

Lin. Yea but my gracious Lord,  
I do mislike the match farre more than he,  
Her blond is too too base.

Kin. Lincolne, no more,  
Dost thou not know, that loue respects no blonde  
Cares not for difference of birth, or state,  
The maid is young, well boyne, faire, vertuous,  
A worthy hyde for any Gentleman:  
Besides, your nephew for her sake did scope,  
To bare necessity: and as I heare,  
Forgetting honors, and all courtly pleasures,  
To gaine her lone, became a thymewalker  
As for the honor which he lost in France,  
Thus I rehome it: Lucy, bidde the young,  
Arise sir Rowland Lucy: tell me now,

A pleasaunt Comedie of

Tell me in earnest, Steley, canst thou chide  
 During thy life a Lady and a bride.

L. Ma. I am content with what your grace hath done.

Lin. And I my liege, since theres no remedy.

King. Come on thou, all speaks honour, He hath you friends,  
 Withers there is much love, all discourse ends,  
 What saies my mad Lord Poins to all his loves?

Eyer. O my liege, this honour you have done to my liege  
 your person here, Moland Lady, and all these favours  
 which you have shewne to me this day in my poor house,  
 will make Simon Spe like longer by one dozen of warme  
 summeres more then he should.

King. Nay, my mad Lord Poins (that shall be thy name)  
 If any grace of mine can length thy life:

One honour more I'll doo thee, that new building,  
 Which at thy cost in Comhill is erected,

I shall take a name from thee, write hang it cold.

The Leaden hall, because in digging it,

You found the lead that covereth the same.

Eyer. I thanks your Majesty.

Wife. God bleese your grace.

King. Lincolne, I word bid you.

*Enter Hodge, Firke and more shoemakers.*

Ayre. Now now my mad knaves: Peace, speake softly  
 For heere is the king.

King. With the old troupe which there we keepe in pay,  
 We will incorporate a new supply:

Shoemakers, I will have more paste on my head,

France shall repent England was injured,

What are all these?

Hans. All shoemakers, my liege.

King.



the Gentle Craft.

Sometimes my fellows, in their companies,  
I liu'de as merry as an Emperour.

King. My mad lord Maier, are all these Shomakers?

Eyre. All Shomakers, my Liege, all Gentlemen of the  
Gentle Craft, true Troians, courageous Cordwainers, they  
all knide to the hymne of holy Saint Eugh.

All. God saue your Maiesty all Shomaker.

King. Mad Shimon, would they any thing with vs :

Eyre. My mad knaves, not a word, He doo, I warrant  
you. They are all beggars, my liege, all say themselves and  
I for them all, on both my knes do discourse, that for the ho-  
nor of poore Shimon Eyre, and the good of his brethren these  
mad knaves, your Grace would vouchsafe some priuiledge  
to my new Leaden hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy  
and sell Leather there two dayes a weeke.

King. Mad Shm, I grant your suite, you shall haue patten  
To hold two market dayes in Leaden hall,  
Mondayes and Fridayes, those shall be the times :  
Will this content you ?

All. Iesus blesse your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of these my poore brethren Shomakers,  
I most humbly thanks your Grace. But before I rise, se-  
ing you are in the Dining vaine, and we in the Begging,  
grant Shm Eyre one boone more.

King. What is it my Lord Maier.

Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poore banquet that's sweet-  
ly waiting for your stouete presence.

King. I shall vnder this Eyre, onely with this,  
Already haue I bene too troublesome,  
Say haue I not ?

Eyre. O my deere King, Shm Eyre cannot thinke so ;  
vpon a day of shewing which I promise to al the merry pen-  
tices of London: for and please you, when I was pryncle,  
I boze

## A pleasant Comedy of

I bare the wafer tankerd, and my coate  
Sits not a whit the worse upon my backe:  
And then vpon a morning some mad boyes,  
It was Shy on tuesday euen as tis now,  
Came me my breakfast, and I swoze then by the stopple of  
my tankerd, if euer I came to be Lord Maior of London, I  
would feast all the pientles. This day (my liege) I did it, &  
the slaues had an hundred tables fve times couered, they  
are gone home and banisht: yet adde more honour to the  
Gentle Trade, taste of Cyres banquet, & smorne happy  
made.

King. Cyre, I will taste of thy banquet and will say,  
I haue not met more pleasure on a day,  
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,  
Thanks my kind Lady Anicette for our chere.  
Come Lords a while lets reuell it at home,  
When all our woods and banquetings are done,  
We must right to songs which Frenchmen haue begun.

FINIS.

